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DIRECTIONS FOR OPERATING
THE DURABILT F. O. MINUTE BOOK

(FLEXIBLE POSTS) SHORT PULL ROD STYLE

PATENT 967537—1019174—1056926—1247438—1247704—1738305
ABOVE PATENT NUMBERS MUST NOT BE COVERED

TO UNLOCK the book, raise cover to be unlocked to a vertical position, and pull rod out as far as it will come.

TO LOCK—Adjust the cover back into position so the notches in the cover fit over the posts, then push in rod.

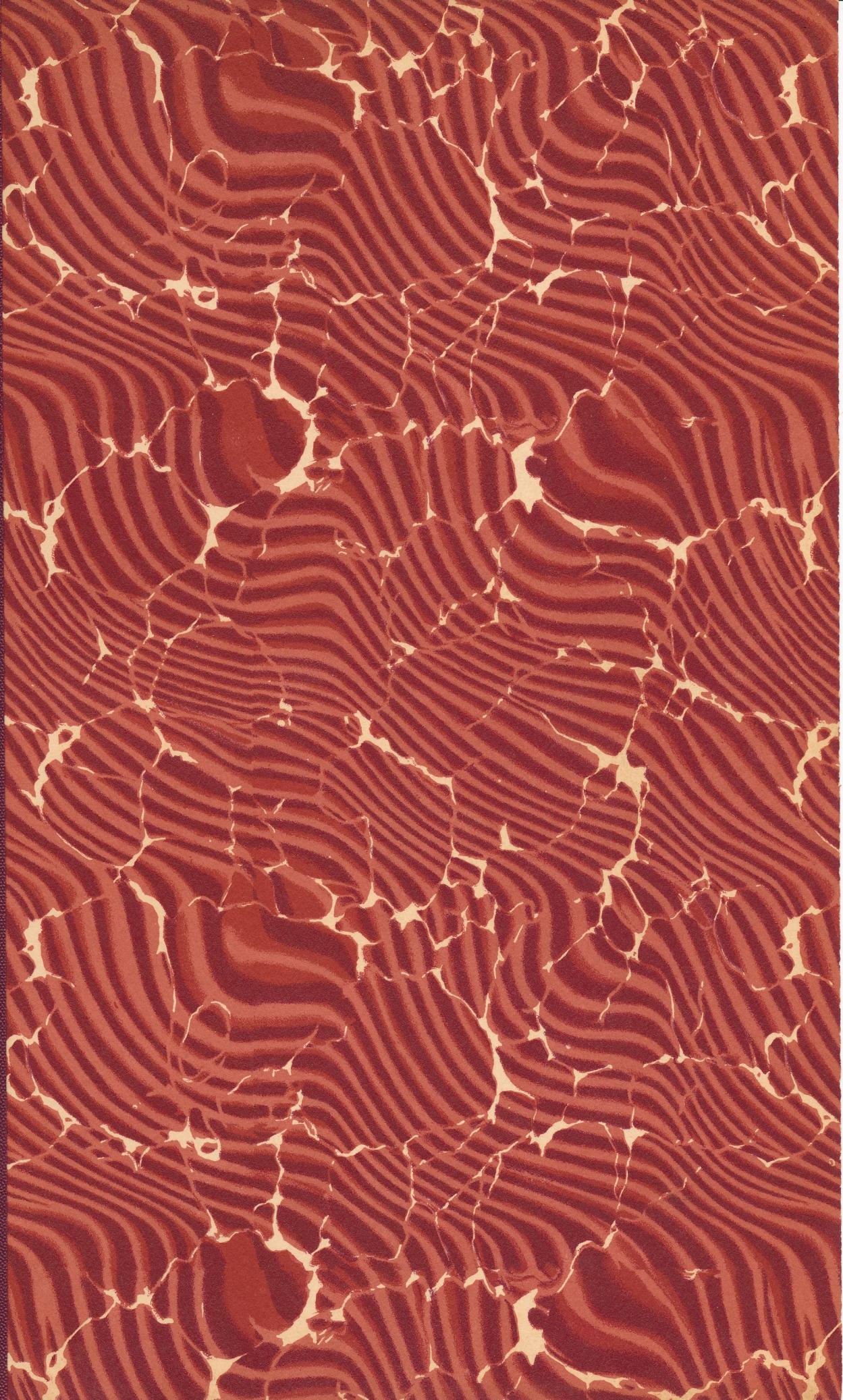
Do not attempt to unlock either cover unless opposite cover is locked, as posts should always be held in one of the covers.

TO LOCK BOOK PERMANENTLY—This is only to be done when all the sheets are written up and placed in the binder, for once permanently locked, it is impossible to unlock or open it.

For this purpose two permanent locking buttons are furnished. Insert these sealing buttons into the round holes near end of locking case so that the slot in the Sealing Button runs lengthwise with the binder. Then drive in button with sufficient force to turn the ends of split button. This permanently locks and seals the book.

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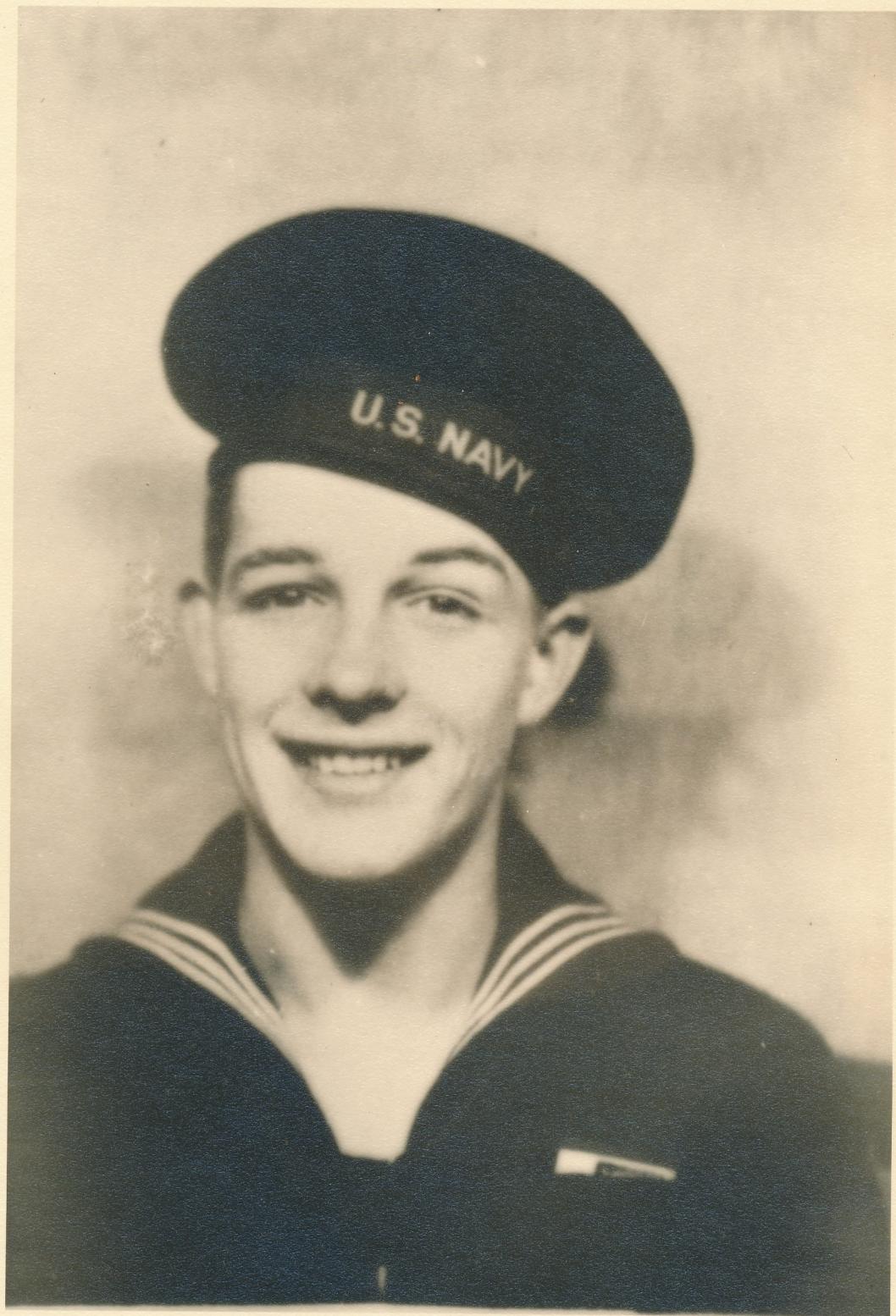
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76-17844

Morris Edwin Smith



M O R R I S E D W I N S M I T H

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Morris Edwin Smith, seaman, second class, United States Navy, was killed in action somewhere on the Pacific Ocean November 13, 1942, twelve days after the eighteenth anniversary of his birth and ten months after he had begun his service on a destroyer, having enlisted shortly after his seventeenth birthday.

Morris was born November 1, 1924, the son of Percy Edwin Smith, who was born in Marcellus, Michigan, July 31, 1893, and served in the First World War at a Camp at Columbus, Missouri, and was given an honorable discharge. He died April 9, 1937. The parents of Percy Edwin Smith were Delbert and Flora Jewell Smith, who were married by the Reverend E. B. Tinker at Howardsville, Michigan. Delbert Smith was a native of Fabius township in Cass county, Michigan, and Flora H. Jewell was from Flowerfield, Michigan.

Morris Edwin Smith's mother was Anna Marie Brady, who was born July 25, 1903, in Athens, New Jersey, the daughter of Mark and Josephine Mansion Brady of New Jersey. Mr. and Mrs. Brady were also the

parents of: Thomas Francis, born February 14, 1902, M. Ann Marie Paloski and they became the parents of Josephine, thirteen years of age in 1943; and Eleanor, born March 11, 1905, married Wilfred Gerry, and they became the parents of Wilfred Junior, now fourteen years of age. All the Brady children were born on a farm near Athens, New Jersey.

Mr. and Mrs. Delbert Smith were also the parents of:

Hazel Avis, born August 16, 1886, married Ray Godshalk and became the mother of Glenn and Avis and resides in Three Rivers, Michigan;

Iva Madge, born February 13, 1888, married Ralph Powell and lives in Indianapolis, Indiana;

Gilbert A., born March 22, 1890, married Jessie Osborn and became the father of: Frank, who is serving in the United States Navy, and Marguerite and Evelyn and lives in Marcellus, Michigan; and

Warren J., born October 4, 1904, was married, October 3, 1942, by the Reverend Thomas Wylie, D. D., in the sanctuary of the First Baptist Church, to the widow of his brother Percy, Mrs. Anna Marie Brady Smith.

Warren J. Smith served in the Second World War, from October 12, 1942, until April 24, 1943. He was in school in East St. Louis, Illinois, and then in Texas. He was then given an honorable discharge and returned to Kalamazoo to work in a defense plant.

Mr. and Mrs. Percy Edwin Smith were married

September 25, 1920, by the Reverend Frank Vincent, a Free Methodist minister, and began housekeeping on East North street in Kalamazoo and later moved to Mt. Olivet road. For twenty-two years, Mr. Smith was employed by the Shakespeare Company.

Mr. and Mrs. Percy Edwin Smith were also the parents of:

Bertha Ann, born December 26, 1922, died seven months and twenty days later;

Delbert Mark, born ;

Constance Virginia, born June 24, 1928.

After the death of her husband, which occurred when Constance was nine years old, Mrs. Smith worked for the Shakespeare Company.

Morris Edwin Smith attended the Burke School near his home through eight grades. This school was named for Mr. John Burke, senior, veteran real estate dealer of Kalamazoo. At the eighth grade graduating exercises Morris was valedictorian and received an award of five dollars from Mr. Burke. Morris was also the president of his class. He did the work of the ninth grade in the Roosevelt School and went to Central High School for work in the tenth grade. In April of that year he dropped out and went to work.

He secured employment with Ihling Brothers &

Everard and later worked for Ken Hawk, who was supplying lunches for mill men. He left that job at the age of seventeen to enlist in the United States Navy, January 13, 1942. He was sent to Newport, Rhode Island and from there to Boston and thence to New York City, where he was to have been sent out on the Normandie, which was partially destroyed by fire. He was therefore assigned to the United States Ship Sterett, a destroyer on Atlantic convoy duty. His ship safely convoyed the Wasp to Malta.

Morris saw a bit of the Old World before his death. He was in Scotland, spent Easter in England, served on ships in the Mediterranean and Red seas and wrote home about the places he had seen. He saw duty on the Pacific Ocean and was in a hospital in San Diego, California, for a month. He then went to Hawaii to rejoin his buddies on the U. S. S. Sterett. Two months later, November 13, 1942, he was killed in a battle, the Battle of the Solomons. He and a man by the name of Jackson had shot four "fish", torpedoes, into a Japanese battle ship. The shell that came back in response exploded and caused the death of Morris. When the enemy ship was sunk, the roll call on the U. S. S. Sterett showed 28 killed, 17 wounded and 4 missing. Burial services were held on the ship and the bodies of the brave lads were

gently lowered into the Coral Sea. At home the Grandfather Brady grieved over the death of the boy until his health was undermined and he died suddenly December 22, 1942.

Morris Smith was five feet, five and one-half inches tall, slender of build, with a fair complexion, blonde hair and blue eyes. He enjoyed bowling, attended the social dancing club at the Young Women's Christian Association building, liked all kinds of handicraft and was planning to get into the sheet metal shop when the war was over.

He was a member of the First Baptist Church in Kalamazoo and attended the Sunday school and the summer camps conducted by the church. At one time he sang in the choir.

Morris was well liked by his teachers. At both the Burke and Roosevelt Schools he was honored by a Morris Smith Bond Selling Day and the holding of memorial services.

Morris had an unusual pal in Loren D. Norman, with whom he flew kites, went fishing and had their first girl dates. For eleven years they lived next to each other on Regent street and went through school together from kindergarten to Central High School.

Then came Pearl Harbor and Loren and Morris

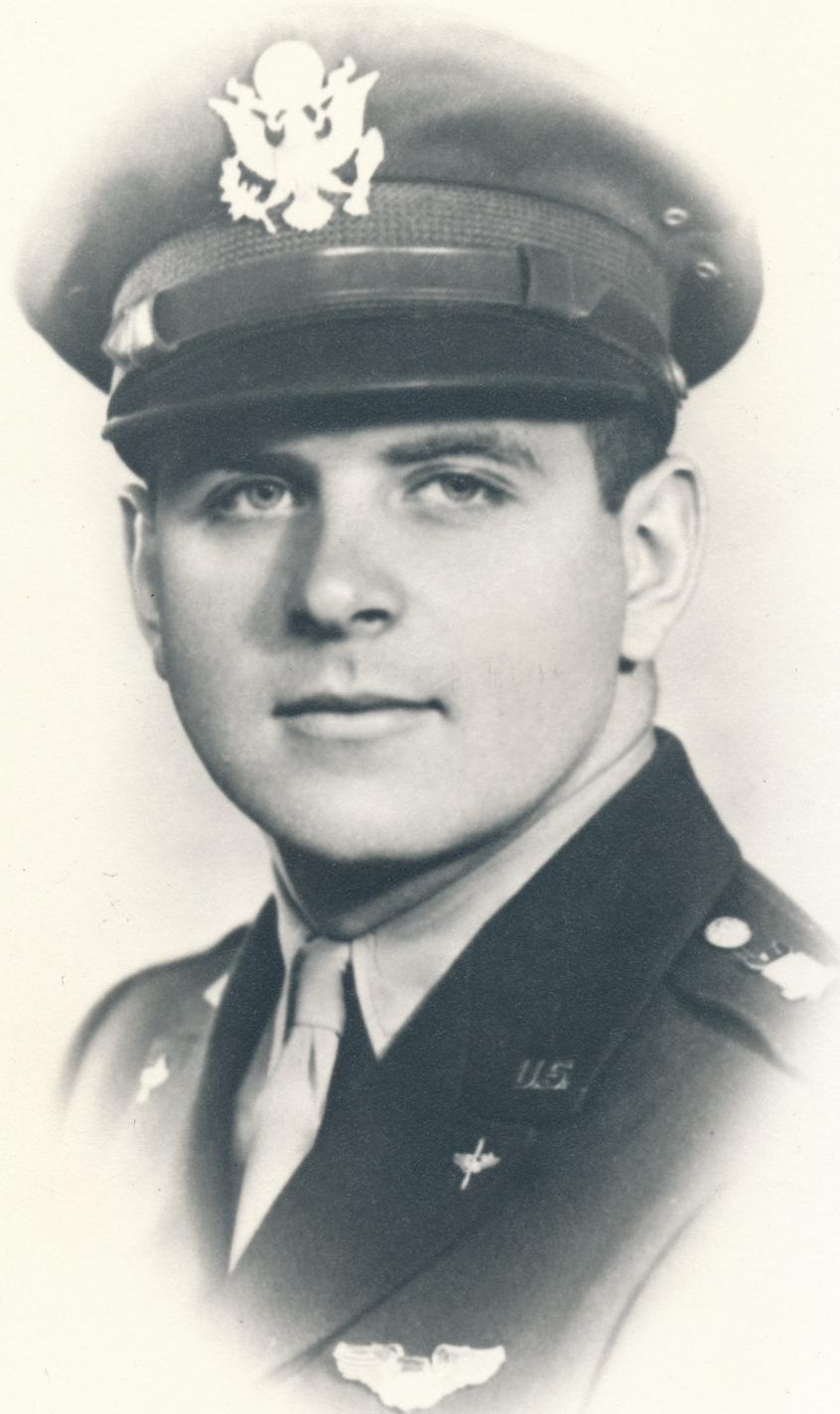
closed their books and joined the United States Navy, saying to each other, "after the war is over, we will come back, get jobs and live side by side, like we always have."

When Loren came home to Kalamazoo in August, 1943, the Kalamazoo Gazette published the cuts of the two boys together and an article telling of their fine friendship. Loren was quoted as saying, "Morey had what it takes. He used to always come up smiling after a hard tussle when he was a kid. He wasn't afraid of anything. Life isn't worth while when you're afraid."

Morris was a dependable lad. He kept his word and after his father died he earned money to help his mother in her struggle to make a living for her four children. He was also glad to help with the house work while his mother was working in the mill. He was loyal in his friendships and made many warm friends among older people as well as those of his own age. Four days before he was killed he had written a letter to his mother and enclosed one hundred dollars for her Christmas.

Morris Smith's name as a hero in the Second World War will not be forgotten, when, at the close of the War Kalamazoo calls the roll of its lost and beloved sons.

Walter Joseph Smith



W A L T E R J O S E P H S M I T H I I

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Walter Joseph Smith II was born in Kalamazoo, Michigan, October 1, 1921, a son of Walter Joseph and Alice Hopke Smith, of English and Czech descent, both born in the United States.

Walter Joseph Smith was born February 18, 1900, and Alice Hopke Smith was born March 14, 1900.

They were married in Kalamazoo, Michigan, and also became the parents of:

Charlotte Naomi, born November 9, 1924, married 1st Lt. Ormond Fogg and they became the parents of Allison Lee, born [redacted], residing now, 1945, in Kalamazoo, Michigan; and

William Alan, born January 27, 1926, at this time a cadet at Maxwell Field, Alabama.

Walter J. Smith II attended the Washington School in Kalamazoo after which he took a concentrated course of two and one-half years in Central High School and received his diploma in 1938. In the fall of that year he enrolled as a student in Kalamazoo College. In his sophomore year the United States Government offered the students of that college a course in aviation and Walter took the

course. He made an outstanding record as a student and was sent to St. Louis, Missouri, for advanced training. There he became an instructor in flying. Later, on account of his youth, he was sent home in October 1941. He again entered Kalamazoo College for his third year of work. In the meantime the United States became involved in the war and Walter was sent to Helena to an Arkansas airfield as an instructor.

After Walter had spent a year and a half in Arkansas he was transferred to the Fourth Ferrying Command in Memphis, Tennessee. From there he was sent to St. Joseph, Missouri, for navigation instruction, and then to Little Rock, Arkansas, to receive training in instrument flying. This qualified him for the position of instructor at Adams Field, where he remained for eight months.

He then took a ferrying ship to India, on a C 47, travelling half way around the world in three days. Besides India he visited Egypt and other places on this trip. He returned early in August 1944 and did domestic ferrying. In the following September he volunteered for special mission to India and piloted a B 24 on a non-stop flight from Boston to Africa. He flew the plane into Jorhat, India, where he remained as a service flyer over the

"Hump". These flyers were called the A. T. C. pilots. He remained with the Air Transport Command on this dangerous route until the night of December 16, 1944, when he radioed a few minutes after midnight that his plane was in trouble. It is believed that a heavy fog made it impossible to set the plane safely down and Walter and five others of his crew died of injuries received in the crash.

Marriage

June 20, 1942, Walter Joseph Smith II was married to Ruth T. Jensen of Allegan, Michigan, daughter of Carl and Karen Therkildsen Jensen. The marriage ceremony was in Helena, Arkansas. Ruth has a brother, Paul, born December 17, 1930. She was with her husband until he was sent overseas and they became the parents of Karen Ann, born [redacted], in St. Joseph, Missouri. Mrs. Smith makes her home in Kalamazoo, Michigan.

Personal Characteristics

Walter Joseph Smith II was five feet eleven inches tall and weighed about one hundred seventy-five pounds, with brown hair and blue eyes. He was another of Kalamazoo's finest young men and an especially brilliant student. He was frank, aggressive, well disciplined and patriotic. He always knew what he wanted and was willing to work

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for it. He was mechanically minded and preferred to work with radios and other mechanisms rather than to engage in athletic sports. He share in the family appreciation of good music. He liked to travel and his military experience gave him the opportunity to see much of the world. He participated in high school plays and was very fond of dramatics. He had a good voice for singing and was a member of the famous St. Luke's choir in Kalamazoo for five years.

At the age of seventeen Walter took the examination for West Point Military Academy. He passed easily but was too young to be given the appointment to that coveted honor.

He was a Preparatory Member of the Stockbridge Avenue Methodist Church. He was an all around man, loving life and willing to be and do what is required of a man. He worked, worshipped and loved his parents, his wife and his child. He was willing to sacrifice for them. Underneath it all was his love of country to which he gave all he had and all he was. He laid down his life, made the supreme sacrifice.

Memorial services were held at the Stockbridge Avenue Methodist Church. The Reverend Richard D. Wearne, the pastor, gave the tribute of honor. The

American Legion assisted in the service with Dr. Harry Bondhouse, D. C. past commander, and Frank VanLandegent, chaplain, delivering the ritual to departed comrades and making the presentation of the flag. Thus closed the record on earth of First Lieutenant Walter Joseph Smith II.

Amendment proposed before the service with
Dr. Harry Bonython, D. C. base commander, and Major
of Engineers, operating, detailed the history of
the proposed connection and marked the proposed connection to the
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Harry Gilbert Snow

H A R R Y G I L B E R T S N O W

The strength of a country is determined by the character of the individuals who contribute to the advancement of the communities in which they reside and promote the welfare of all its citizens. In this class of well-known and highly respected citizens was Mr. Harry Gilbert Snow, who was a life long resident of Kalamazoo County.

Mr. Snow was born in Osthemo Township, May 28, 1889, the son of Milo A. Snow, and Kate Boyles Snow, also natives of Kalamazoo County. The parents moved to Richland when Harry was six years old, and where he thereafter resided and attended school. Later he was graduated from Michigan State College at East Lansing.

On August 17, 1915, he was married to Miss Bernice Beers, the daughter of Lewis A. and Roseanna Pennock Beers, natives of Richland Township. To this union one son was born, - Robert LaVerne.

In 1920, Mr. Snow developed tubercular trouble and was taken to Saranac Lake, New York, from which place he returned much improved in health, but for the rest of his life, this disease proved a handicap.

For many years, Mr. Snow was secretary of the Richland Township Board of Education; a member of the Presbyterian Church, and its efficient treasurer for a long period; a Past Master of the Masonic Lodge belonging to the Climax Royal Arch Masons, and the Kalamazoo Commandery Knights Templar, and also the Chapter of the Eastern Star.

In 1934, Mr. Snow became confined to his bed and was later taken to Ann Arbor for a major operation which was followed by complications from which he passed away on October 8, of that year. His sterling character, his successful life and his fine personality gave him the confidence of his fellow-men who sincerely mourned him. It can be said of him that truly, "he was a friend to man!"

"He lingered long on life's sands
And waited on the shore
For the boat from other lands
As friends had done before.
And when the white sail folded down
He said, "I am going now
Where rest is given as a crown
And smooths pain from my brow."
Goodbye dear ones, friends and all,
Why should I longer stay,
When I hear the Master's call
"Son, quit suffering: Come this way."
His eyes closed down, goodbye!
He went so quietly over home,-
The dawning of Life's morning sky
Flashed its light for him to come.

Milo A. Snow



M I L O A U G U S T U S S N O W

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Milo Augustus Snow was born in Oshtemo, Kalamazoo County, Michigan, January 12, 1858, son of Catherine Mickle Hill, who was born October 18, 1835 and died October 27, 1914, and Orrin Snow, who was born September 27, 1829 and died November 9, 1904.

The following is the record of the ancestry of Milo A. Snow:

"Nicholas and Anthony, sons of Nicholas Snow, who was an armorer of London, came to this country from England on the ship Anne in 1623. They married and raised large families. William, a younger brother, was brought to this country in 1635 by Richard Derby to whom he was apprenticed at the age of eighteen years. He was assigned to Richard Doten of Plymouth, Massachusetts. In 1657 William Snow married Rebecca _____ and was one of the original settlers of Bridgewater, Massachusetts.

"There appears to be no record of the children of William Snow, with the exception of one son, William, who married Naomi, daughter of Thomas Whitman, November 30, 1686. The children of Naomi Whitman and William Snow were:

Bethiah, born September 28, 1688, married Elisha Haywood February 21, 1721;

James, born October 14, 1691;

Susanna, born September 27, 1694, married Israel Alger December 25, 1727;

William, born August 14, 1697, married Mary Washburn November 8, 1722;

Eleazer 1st, born July 14, 1701, married Mercy King July 11, 1728;

John, born August 14, 1704, married Hannah Hayward, 1722;

The following are the children of Eleazer 1st and Mercy King:

Betty, born March 9, 1729, married
(1) Nathan Ames, 1751,
(2) William Tolman,
(3) Micah White;

Eleazer 2nd, born October 30, 1731, married Mary Wood, January 13, 1757;

Mercy, born March 22, 1737, married Jacob Johnson, 1750;

Daniel, born April 20, 1742, married Hannah Dunbar, April 19, 1754;

Eleazer 1st died March 29, 1789.
Mercy King Snow died February 18, 1796.

The children of Eleazer 2nd and Mary Wood Snow were:

Mary, born October 25, 1757;

Eleazer 3rd, born April 8, 1759, married Hannah Dunbar April 20, 1780;

Prescilla, born April 12, 1761, married Simeon Snow February 9, 1789;

Jonathan, married Hulda Snow;

Silas, born May 7, 1776, married Hannah Cole, April 10, 1800;

Betsy;

Sarah, married Ezekiel Merritt, April 20, 1788;

Zerrina, married Jonathan Snow of New York, 1799:

Mercy, married Nathaniel Wilmarth February 1, 1795;

Phoebe, married Moses Craft February 24, 1799;

Eleazer 2nd died February 1, 1797, aged 65. His wife, Mary Wood Snow, died February 18, 1824, aged 90.

Eleazer 3rd and Hannah Dunbar Snow, daughter of Jacob Dunbar, moved to Oswego County, New York, prior to 1800, where he died and was buried near the village of New Haven. Their children were:

Barzilla;

Ansel, born May 4, 1874, married Arbelia Wilmarth; born May 27, 1795; died July 28, 1880;

Libeas, born 1787, married Mercy Ann Smith, 1815;

Charles, lost on the Great Lakes;

Eleazer 4th, lost at sea;

Daniel, lived and died in New Haven, New York;

Ann, married a Mr. May and lived at Ft. Wayne, Indiana;

Ansel, died in 1864.

The children of Ansel and Arbelia Wilmarth Snow were:

Hannah, born August 7, 1815, married Solomon Forbes, parents of:

Abigail, married Frank Snow - parents of: Nettie, Nellie, Lena, Carey and Hattie;

Carey, who died in Andersonville prison;

Arbelia, who married Linus Stuart;

Pamelia, born January 25, 1817, married Alonzo Wyman - parents of:

Mary;

Seth, married Carrie Ewing - parents of
Cora, married Mr. Hull;

Jane, married William J. Fisk - parents of
James A., Claude E., Eleanor K.;

Ann, born November 27, 1846, died October
25, 1921;

Truman, married Janet Wartroop - parents of
Maude;

Mercy Ann, born March 21, 1822, married
Samuel Johnson, parents of:

George, married S. Butler - parents of
Anna, Etta, Harding and Esther;

Esther, married John Robinson - parents of
George and Mary;

Harriet, married Mr. Prescot;

Hannah;

Cordelia, born December 10, 1825, married
Anson Forbes - parents of:

Mary;

Ansel, married Ida Stuart;

Judd - south;

Orrin, married Blanche Hill;

Bertrand, 5 years;

Orsen, born January 19, 1827, married
(1) Rosella Ward - parents of:

Edgar, married Anna Jones - parents of:
Nellie, Grace and Kate;

Edna, married Theo Jones - parents of
Owen, Edith and Paul;

Edwin, married Cora Davies - parents of
Hubert and Gilbert;

Julia, married Dick Butler - parents of
Fred, Frank and Clyde;

Estella, married A. D. Gooding - parents of
Snow, Fern and Jessie;

Charlie, married Laura Moody - parents of
Raymond and Florence.

Orsen Snow married a second time, Ida Woodruff.

Orrin, born September 27, 1829, married
Catherine Mickle Hill - parents of:

Milo Augustus, subject of this sketch;

Frankie;

Freddie;

Katie, married F. W. Hinrichs - parents of
Helen, Frieda and Pauline;

Orla, born September 27, 1841, married
(1) Marilla Beckley - parents of:

Clara, married William Miles - parents of
Marilla and Beulah;

Etta May;

Orsen, married Maude _____ -parents of
Wilmarth;

(2) Alice Parsons, mother of Earl, Bercie and
May.

Milo Augustus Snow attended school in Plainwell,
Michigan, and was graduated from the high school there,
after which he attended Kalamazoo College and Parsons
Business College.

May 23, 1888, Mr. Snow married Kate Boyles, born
July 26, 1863, in the same house in which her father,

Nelson Boyles was born, in Richland, Michigan. Except for seven years immediately following her marriage Mrs. Snow has spent all her life in Richland. Those seven years Mr. and Mrs. Snow lived in Oshtemo.

Mrs. Kate Boyles Snow attended school in Richland and Kalamazoo. She took training in Parsons Business College also. She has been an active member of the Ladies Library and was chairman of the building committee when the present building was constructed. She is a member of the Gull Prairie Garden Club and is an active member of the Presbyterian Church in Richland.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Snow were charter members of the Richland Order of the Eastern Star and had taken an active part in the organization for many years when they were made life members. Both have worked together for the finer things in life in their community as well as in their home, always sharing with each other their joys and sorrows.

Mrs. Snow has always been a devoted mother and a wonderful helpmate, always ready and anxious to put her shoulder to the helm when the need arose.

Mr. and Mrs. Milo A. Snow were the parents of the following children:

Harry Gilbert Snow, whose life story is included in this Historical Directory, born

May 28, 1889, died October 8, 1934, married Bernice Beers - parents of Robert, born August 12, 1916;

Clare Harvey Snow, born April 8, 1894, married Ethel Brown of Bellevue, Michigan - parents of Laura Lou, born March 15, 1928 - reside on the farm in Richland Township; also parents of Susan B., born June 8, 1922, died March 20, 1928; Alta Ada, born September 30, 1895, married William DeYoung of Augusta, Michigan - parents of John Thomas, born June 9, 1925, and Mary Jean, born [redacted].

Milo A. Snow served Richland Township as a very efficient clerk for ten years and also as a supervisor for some time. He was president of the Richland Bank for many years and was a member and past master of the Masonic lodge. He was also a member of the Consistory, a life member of the Kalamazoo Commandery Knights Templar, a 32nd degree Mason, and was a charter member and past worthy patron of the order of Eastern Star. In 1915 he served the State of Michigan as a member of the legislature.

Mr. Snow was one of the best known and highly respected citizens of Richland. He had many friends and was always ready to help in every good cause. Death came to him April 3, 1937. The funeral was conducted by the Reverend R. E. Meader in the Richland Presbyterian Church and burial was in the Richland cemetery.

Written July 28, 1937.

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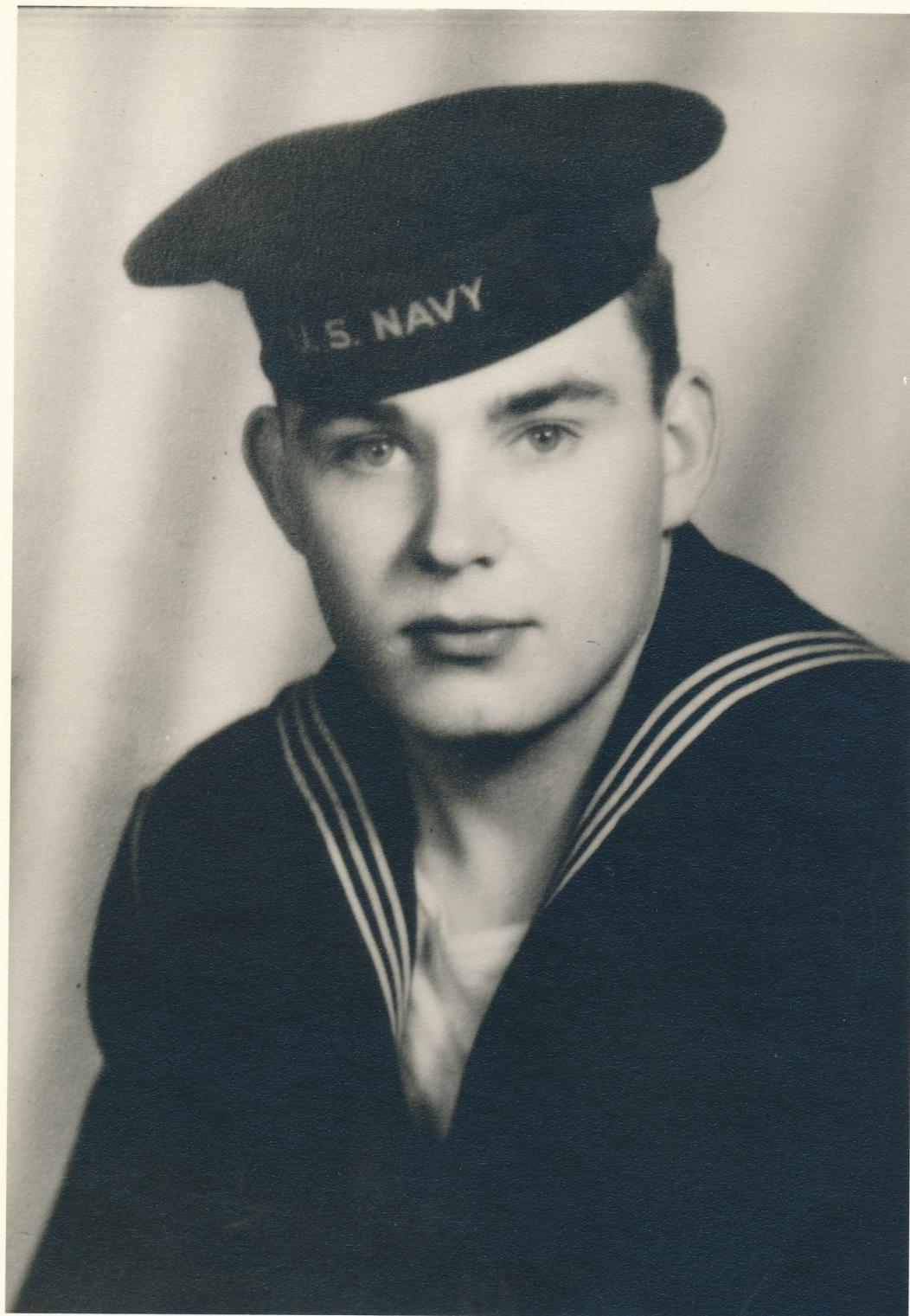
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Written July 28, 1937.

Lawrence Dale Snyder



L A W R E N C E D A L E S N Y D E R

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Seaman First Class Lawrence Dale Snyder lost his life in the terrific typhoon which swept Okinawa October 9, 1945. The Senior Surviving Officer, Lieutenant, junior grade, L. Sweeney, of the United States Steam Ship Wateree (ATF-117) wrote to Mr. and Mrs. Volney Snyder, parents of Laurence, as follows:

"On the afternoon of October 9, 1945 one of the greatest typhoons ever recorded in the Pacific area hit Okinawa. The storm was so severe that many ships were foundered or battered to pieces on the coral reefs. The terrible wind and the massive waves made it impossible to control the ship.

"When our ship hit the reef and began to sink, all men were ordered topside and instructed to cling to the life rails as long as possible. The waves, however, rushed over the decks with such force that men were washed over the side in large numbers. Most of the crew were carried ashore by the waves, and they, in turn, exerted every effort to save their shipmates.

"Your son was last seen alive when he left the ship and was in the water heading towards the shore. His shipmates picked up his body on the shore shortly thereafter, and they did their utmost to revive him.

"In spite of all the men could do, many of their shipmates were drowned or killed on the jagged coral reef. The commanding officer of the ship and five members of the crew met their death in this manner."

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Lawrence enlisted in the United States Navy December 7, 1944, and two days later left for the Great Lakes Training Station for his boot training. He then went to Navy Pier for training in the cook and bakers school.

He was then sent to Shoemaker, California, and was there for a short time before he was shipped out to sea on the United States Steamship Bingham and landed at Okinawa where he was transferred to the United States Steamship Wateree as a baker. He was on this ship in the harbor of Okinawa when the typhoon hit it.

Birth and Education

Lawrence Dale Snyder was born in Otsego, Michigan, December 12, 1926, son of Volney Snyder, who was born in Otsego, Michigan, April 28, 1897, of English and German ancestry. He served in the First World War in the 126th Infantry, 32nd Division, under Colonel Joseph B. Westnedge. He was wounded and after hospitalization he was transferred to the 128th Infantry.

The mother of Lawrence was Gladys Eagen Snyder, who was born in Plainwell, Michigan, April 8, 1905, of French descent.

Mr. and Mrs. Volney Snyder were married in Allegan, Michigan, April 12, 1923, and for six

years made their home in Otsego, Michigan. At this time in 1946, they reside at 1011 West Paterson street in Kalamazoo, Michigan. They also became the parents of:

Betty, who was born February 3, 1924, married Sergeant Robert Clough, who was born October 14, 1915, and is serving in the army recruiting office in Kalamazoo, Michigan; and

Pauline, who was born June 24, 1928, married Loyal Waldrop, who was born June 2, 1921 and served as a Sergeant in the Pacific area during World War II.

Lawrence began his education in the Lincoln School in Kalamazoo and later transferred to the Woodward School when the family moved near to that school. He remained at Woodward through the ninth grade and then went to Central High School where he graduated in January 1945. He had enlisted in the United States Navy before graduating and his diploma was conferred in absentia. His serial number was 3145503.

Personal Characteristics

He was of medium height and weight and had medium brown hair and blue eyes. Lawrence had a grand disposition. His father was his hero. He loved babies, the tinier they were the more they pulled on his tender heart strings. He was also fond of elderly people.

Lawrence was athletically inclined and liked to play with the teams at The Young Men's Christian Association. He spent much of his leisure time at this good place of recreation. He liked to swim, hunt and fish and enjoyed all the good, clean sports. He had plans to go deer hunting with his dad when the war would be over. He was also fond of reading.

While attending school he worked after study hours with the Peter Pan Company and became good enough that the navy made him a baker.

All the neighbors admired this fine home boy, who worshipped at the Simpson Methodist Church and adhered to the principles he learned there and in his Christian home. He cherished high ideals for right living.

He possessed a pleasing personality, was straight forward in his dealings and fair in his attitude toward others. He was energetic in whatever he had to do, was thrifty and was fastidious in his personal appearance and his personal habits.

The words of Victor Hugo aptly fit this boy:

"Among the beautiful names, his name stands highest. 'All glory passes and fades away by his tomb - And as a mother would do The voice of an entire nation softly lulls him to sleep!'"

George J. Becker, who was a member of the crew of the Wateree when she sank, wrote to Mrs. Snyder and the following are excerpts from the letter:

"Yes, I am one of the crew who was fortunate enough to survive. Your son had a wonderful personality, a cheerful smile, and was liked by everyone even though he was 'new' on the ship.

"Your son and five others were picked up on the beach and the doctor pronounced them drowned. Proper services were held and they were buried in the Island Command Cemetery which is a rather new cemetery and is well taken care of. A cross has been put on the graves with the proper identification on them."

Lawrence was awarded the Purple Heart Medal posthumously.

Dr. Samuel B. Snyder



S A M U E L B E R N A R D S N Y D E R M D

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Samuel Bernard Snyder was born September 1, 1857, in Monroe County, Michigan, the son of George and Elizabeth Snyder. His family moved to a farm in Kalamazoo County in April 1869. He was graduated from the Union City high school in 1877 and then attended normal school at Valparaiso, Indiana. The two years following he taught school.

In 1881, Mr. Snyder entered the medical department of the University of Michigan, and was graduated in the class of 1885, after which he entered the general practice of medicine and surgery in Fulton, Michigan, where he remained for seventeen consecutive years. In the University, Dr. Snyder was a class mate of the late Dr. J. W. Bosman and Dr. W. A. Stone.

Dr. Snyder moved with his family to Kalamazoo, Michigan, in 1901, where he maintained his medical offices in the house at 609-611 South Burdick street, which he built.

During his long practice of medicine in Kalamazoo County, Dr. Snyder had the unusual distinction of treating four generations of the same family on sever-

al occasions. He served as county physician in 1902-1903.

Dr. Snyder was active in the Republican party and served several years as county chairman and many times as a delegate to state and congressional district conventions. For many years he was a notary public and was a member of the school board during the time he lived in Fulton.

Dr. Snyder died August 13, 1932, one of the oldest physicians in active practice in Southern Michigan and one of the oldest members of the Kalamazoo Academy of Medicine.

Dr. Snyder loved his community and its people. He was a member of the Evangelical Reformed Church of Fulton and belonged to the Masonic lodge of Wakeshma and the Order of Eastern Star Chapter. He also belonged to the Odd Fellows at one time. He was also a charter member of the Maccabees at Fulton.

Prayer services were held at 10 A. M. at the late residence in Comstock, Michigan, followed at 11 A. M. by services at the Evangelical Reformed Church at Fulton, with Dr. W. M. Puffer, the Reverend A. L. Ellsworth of Athens and Reverend L. A. Law of Fulton officiating. Wakeshma and Comstock lodges of Masons attended the funeral in a body. Burial was at the North cemetery.

Gladwin Charles Soule



G L A D W I N C H A R L E S S O U L E

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Private Gladwin Charles Soule, 36988875, was first reported missing in action, but in July 1945 his parents received word that he had been killed January 4, 1945.

A letter from Chaplain Samuel G. Lovell states:

"Gladwin was a rifleman in company "A", and at this time his unit was a part of the Third United States Army which was participating in the battle of the "Bulge." Gladwin was struck and killed by small-arms fire during his unit's attack on enemy positions near Lutrebois, Belgium. He was buried in the United States Military Cemetery at Foy, Belgium, in grave 243, row 10, plot "I". A Chaplain of his faith officiated at the burial.

"I realize that words may be of little value at this time, but will you accept my sincere sympathy? You must be proud of the memory of your husband, for he was an able and alert soldier. His memory will remain as a fitting monument to his supreme sacrifice."

He entered the service in June of 1944 and received his basic training at Camp Blanding, Florida, and left for overseas sometime during the week of Thanksgiving in 1944. He was with the 35th Division of the 134th Infantry and was awarded the Purple Heart Medal.

Birth and Education

Gladwin Charles Soule was born in Climax, Michigan, March 7, 1919, son of Homer Charles Soule, who was born in Kalamazoo county, Michigan, January 19, 1896. Gladwin's mother was Myrtle Irene Bowker Soule, who was born in Scotts, Michigan, April 21, 1902. The ancestors of both parents were American born. Gladwin was their only child.

Gladwin began his education at the Knollwood School, West Michigan road, Kalamazoo, Michigan, and when the family moved into the city of Kalamazoo he attended the Vine Street and Central High Schools and was graduated from the latter in 1937.

After graduation he went to work for Mr. Ray Wanze in the floor sanding business. Later he moved to Berrien Springs, Michigan, where he was employed as a draftsman for the Clark Equipment Company until he was drafted into the armed service.

Marriage

On February 19, 1938, Gladwin was married to Floydelle Gibbs of Kalamazoo, Michigan. She was known to her friends as "Joy." [REDACTED], they became the parents of Dawn Lee, who was born in Berrien Springs, Michigan. At the time of this writing in 1946, she lives with her grand parents,

Mr. and Mrs. George Bertweit at Austin Lake.

Personal Characteristics

Gladwin's hobby was making model airplanes. Aircraft were developed during his childhood and, like other boys, he was fascinated by them. He had a card table set up with his work and spent many happy and profitable hours at this pastime.

He liked to swim, fish, hunt and he played the piano and the Hawaiian guitar. He also enjoyed bowling and dancing. Like a typical young man he was fond of good clean recreation.

Gladwin was five feet eight inches tall and was fair haired and had gray eyes and a light complexion.

He attended St. Luke's Protestant Episcopal Church in Kalamazoo and liked the ritualistic service. He also attended the Sunday school. This Church was also the choice of his parents.

This boy was raised well and was taught the cardinal virtues of honesty, kindness and justice toward all. He was charitable, friendly and always ready to help others.

By going into the army of his country he made the greatest sacrifice a man can make for his country, his home city and his family, whom he dearly loved.



E U G E N E M E R R I L L S O R E N S O N

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"He went down with his ship. Eugene was capable, willing and obedient." These words were written by an officer concerning young Eugene Sorenson, who was lost at sea when his ship, the Atlanta, was torpedoed in the battle of Guadalcanal, Solomon Islands, southwest Pacific ocean.

He was born March 7, 1918, in Vicksburg, Michigan, to Cedric and Lillian Monahan Sorenson, of English, Norwegian and Irish ancestry. Cedric Sorenson was born in Vicksburg, Michigan, December 15, 1890, the son of John Sorenson, who was born in Norway August 13, 1865, came to the United States when he was thirteen years of age, and later married Ella Davidson, who was born in Flowerfield, Michigan, November 26, 1869. Cedric Sorenson had a sister, Pearl, who was married to William Young and became the mother of Wilma, who died when twenty-two years old, and Bonnie, who resides, at the time of this writing in 1943, in Schoolcraft, Michigan.

Eugene Sorenson had one brother, John, born August 10, 1914, in Vicksburg, Michigan, is married

and the father of Sharon Kay. He resides in Allegan, Michigan.

Lillian Monahan Sorenson, the mother of Eugene and John, died when Eugene was seven weeks old and he was taken into the home of a great aunt, Mrs. Minnie Smith, where he lived until he was nine years of age, when she too passed away. The boy then went to live with his father in Vicksburg, Michigan, where he attended school. Later he went to live with his paternal grandmother at 531 South Rose street in Kalamazoo, Michigan, and attended Central High School.

Eugene found employment at the Kalamazoo Stove and Furnace Company and later with the Ingersoll Steel and Disc Company.

In November, 1941, he enlisted in the United States Navy and was sent to the United States Navy Training Station at Newport, Rhode Island, after which he was assigned to the United States Steam Ship Atlanta as a gunner, seaman second class.

On November 13, 1942, Seaman Sorenson went down with his ship.

In personal appearance, Eugene was tall and slim, with a fair skin and light brown hair and blue eyes.

As a boy Eugene attended Sunday school in Vicksburg. He liked to read and learn. Shortly before he left Kalamazoo he bought three books he said he had always wanted and intended to use, a Bible, a dictionary and a book of etiquette. He liked music and in Vicksburg he played clarinet in the school band. He also participated in the base ball and foot ball games there.

With money he had earned he purchased an automobile and a trailer, with which he had many good times. He liked dogs and whenever possible owned one.

Being of a warm, friendly nature, Eugene made friends easily and retained them through his short life. He was of a generous nature and preferred to give to others rather than to receive things for himself.

He had expected and greatly desired a furlough before his assignment to a ship. He wanted to come to Kalamazoo and attend to some business and see his family, but this was denied him. He never returned to his native state. He was buried at sea.

February 14, 1943, a memorial service was held at the home of his grandmother on South Rose street in Kalamazoo, in charge of Mr. Walter Scanes, who

at one time was a lay reader in St. Luke's Protestant Episcopal Church in Kalamazoo.

"When souls go down to the sea in ships
And the dark ship's name is Death,
Why mourn and wail at the vanishing sail?
Tho' outward bound, God's world is round
And only a ship is Death.

"When I go down to the sea by ship
And Death unfurls her sail
Weep not for me, for there will be
A living host on another coast
To beckon and give 'All Hail!'"



Mrs. Maria L. Morgan Southworth

M A R I A L S O U T H W O R T H

Maria L. Morgan, daughter of Daniel Morgan, was born in Alabama, Genesee County, New York, on June 1st, 1830. She received her education in the school at Grand Island, in that state.

On July 16, 1854, she married Mr. Randall W. Southworth, and soon after came with her husband to Kalamazoo, where she resided continuously until her death on February 13, 1910. At the time of her death she enjoyed the distinction of being the oldest resident of the city, having lived here for more than fifty years.

Mrs. Southworth was a woman of strong will, and also showed indomitable purpose spiced with the saving sense of humor. Her affections were keen and deep and every worthy cause found in her an ardent advocate. To those who knew her intimately, she revealed the tender side of a nature whose "delight was in the law of the Lord," upon which she loved to meditate in the still watches of the night. Of a social nature, she was largely debarred from social intercourse by reason of deafness which hampered in later years of her life. Her great solace was in reading, and until her last illness, she kept

her interest in her books and in current events.

Mrs. Southworth was a loyal member of the First Baptist Church in Kalamazoo, and until declining years prevented her, she was active in all the work of that church.

At the time of her passing, she was survived by a daughter, Mrs. Hobart Babcock, of Kalamazoo; a son, Charles, of California; a brother, Mr. William Morgan of Kalamazoo; a sister, Mrs. Schell, of North Tonawanda, New York, besides grandchildren and great grandchildren.

The funeral services were conducted by her pastor, the Reverend John E. Smith, at the family residence 1605 East Avenue. Burial was made in private in Mountain Home cemetery.

"Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."



R. W. Southworth

R A N D A L L W S O U T H W O R T H

Randall W. Southworth was born in the town of Pitcher, Chenango County, New York, and was one of a family of six children. On July 16, 1854, he was united in marriage to Miss M. L. Morgan, and in 1856 moved to Kalamazoo, where he became one of its most prominent business men.

For a number of years after arriving here, he engaged in gardening on the east side of the river, and was one of the first gardeners in this part of the state to go into the raising of strawberries on a large scale. He also established himself in the business of painting and the selling of paints, oils, and like goods, and his business constantly increased. His name became a familiar one in this county, and in adjoining counties.

Mr. Southworth occupied a high position in civic enterprises, as he did in business and social circles. He had the capacity for making friends, and for remaining steadfast and true in his friendships. In this regard, a prominent citizen paid him this tribute saying: "Mr. Southworth was one of the biggest-hearted men I have ever known. Those who associate with him appreciate his manly qualities."

When the Knights of Pythias was organized in this city, Mr. Southworth became a member, and remained ardent and loyal to his lodge until his death. He loved the work of advancing the interests of brotherhood, and this gave him ample opportunity to express his love for his fellow men. At the time of his death, he was Past Grand Chancellor of the lodge. He was also a member of the Ancient Order of United Workman.

While at his place of business, on March 5, 1888 Mr. Southworth was injured in a fall, and as a result of this injury, he passed away on March 14. His wife, and three children,- Ella M., Emma M., and Charles R. survived him.

Many expressions of love and esteem were heard not only at the funeral services, but on the street, and in business places where men met. One tribute is quoted below:

"Few men among us will be more missed from our streets, from political councils, social gatherings and business circles than R. W. Southworth. His familiar form, so long seen in our places of meetings, will long be remembered, as will also, his hearty greetings, his keen interest in village and city matters, his freely-expressed opinion, his out-spoken word, his readiness to help those in need, out of his own means, and inducing others to do so, his hatred of shams, and his devotion to his friends and to his family. In his home he was greatly beloved."



Altha Phillips-Spoor

A L E T H A P H I L L I P S S P O O R

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Aletha Phillips Spoor was born, received her early education and her first renumeration as a teacher on the same plat of ground. She was the youngest of five children, born to John L. and Eliza Phillips, on December 27, 1868, in the village of Kalamazoo. Her father was a native of England. He was born in Bedfordshire and educated there. At the age of twenty-one he sailed for America, locating in Troy, New York. Here he met Eliza Glover, also a native of England, who later became his wife. The following year they moved to Michigan and located in Kalamazoo.

The Phillips' home was then located at the corner of North Burdick and Frank Streets, the site which now forms a part of the athletic grounds of the Lincoln School. Later the family moved to 147 East Water Street, where the father maintained a business establishment in the rear of the lot on which their home was located. The mother died July 31, 1870.

John Phillips was considered one of the most skilled workmen of his day. He was a designer and builder of winding stairs and rails, a trade which

he learned in England. Much of the best work, both in Kalamazoo and the surrounding cities and towns, was done by him. The old Academy of Music, the Michigan Female Seminary and many of the churches and better homes were graced by his beautiful winding stairs. Although many of these buildings have outlived their usefulness and have been burned or torn down, a few still remain; among them the Gown Shop at South Westnedge and South Streets, at that time the residence of G. C. Burnham, the home of the late O. M. Allen, now the Goodale-Evans' Funeral Home, in West Michigan Avenue, and the First Baptist Church. In these landmarks may still be seen his artistic workmanship.

At an early age Mrs. Spoor united with the First Baptist Church and is still an active member; having held various offices both in the church and Sunday school.

In 1883 the father purchased property in West Main Street and erected the family residence which still stands and is owned and occupied by Mrs. Spoor and her sister, Mrs. O. E. Bauman. The father died July 6, 1892.

As a child Mrs. Spoor was especially interested in music. Her early training had much to do with this

as her parents were both musical; and her education along this line began with the study of the piano.

She was educated in the public Schools of Kalamazoo, graduating from the High School in the class of 1890 and from the Teachers' Training School the following year. In the fall of 1891 she began her work as a grade teacher in the city. She served in this capacity until 1910 when she was granted a leave of absence by the Board of Education and went to Los Angeles to study. In 1912 she accepted a position as Assistant Supervisor of Music in the Los Angeles City Schools and was assigned to the 36th Street Building. The following year, Supt. S. O. Hartwell of the Kalamazoo Public Schools, offered her a similar position at an increased salary, which she accepted. In 1921 she resigned her position to take up her literary career. In the fall of that year she spent some time in Atlanta, Georgia. Upon her return, she began the writing of children's songs and poems.

Her first instructor in vocal work was Prof. G. H. Fairclough, who was, at that time, organist and choir director of the St. Luke's Episcopal Church. Later, she studied with Dr. Frederic Rogers, formerly organist of the First Presbyterian Church of Kalamazoo. She also studied harmony with Dr. Rogers and through

him was granted a certificate from the Victoria College of Music, London, England. She continued her harmony study with the late Carolyn Alchin, well known for her splendid publications, "Ear Training for Teacher and Pupil" and "Applied Harmony." Previous to this time, she studied the pipe organ under Miss Alchin. It was during her summer course with the Silver, Burdett people that she became interested in the writing of children's songs and while teaching in Los Angeles was influenced by her Supervisor to take up that work. This she did in connection with her teaching.

For a number of years she wrote for the late C. H. Congdon of Chicago and many of her songs are published in his books. Her first songs were sold to Silver, Burdett & Company and are published in their Primary Book which is used in many of the schools of the country.

While the new High School was in progress of erection, there was no regular Music Supervisor in Kalamazoo and Mrs. Spoor was appointed Acting Supervisor of the Elementary and Junior High grades. Her Glee Club work was especially outstanding.

She has written lyrics for several Chicago firms; among them J. S. Fearis & Company, Irving Gingrich, and

the National Music Company. Her book of original children's songs, known as "Child Life in Song" was published in the spring of 1923 by Rayner, Dalheim & Company of Chicago. Up to the present time she has handled the business end of her publication but is now negotiating with a Chicago firm to take over the sale of her book.

In 1928, a book of original poems, known as "Other Ways and Other Days" was published by Ihling Bros. & Everard of this city.

She was married in the fall of 1924 and the following year she, with her husband, went to Florida. They located in Clearwater for a time and later spent seven months in various parts of the South. While there Mrs. Spoor won several prizes for her literary work. In the spring of 1926 they returned to Michigan.

About that time the Kalamazoo Merchants' and Business Men's Bureau offered a prize of one hundred dollars for the best slogan submitted for the city. Her slogan, "Kalamazoo, the Gateway to Opportunity" proved to be the winning one. It was a strange coincidence that a second party should submit the same one and together they shared the honors.

Mrs. Spoor spends part of her summers at her cottage at Grand View Gull Lake and her winters at

her West Main Street home.

Following are two of her original poems:

The Greatest Blessing

I asked the miser, hoarding his pelf,
What he loved best - besides himself,
And if the Master should ask him to choose
One blessing, and all the others refuse;
What he would say and he replied,
-While his bags were bulging on either side-
"I'd ask for gold, for there's nothing that's worth
So much as the glittering coins of earth."

I asked the florist, who tended with care,
The fragrant blossoms so rich and rare;
What he would choose, and he said, with a smile,
"The flowers to me are the most worth while."
When I asked the sailor, he shouted in glee,
"Give me a ship on the rolling sea!"
But the artist said, "Not the mad rush,
May greatest blessing is palette and brush."

And last of all, I stopped to ask
The mother, busy with her task;
She sweetly smiled and then replied,
"Though many comforts I'm denied;
"Twould not be worth the living here
Could I not have my children dear;

I really think that children were meant
For the greatest blessing God ever sent."

Character Building

You may build a house with marble walls,
You may build a mansion with stately halls,
You may build a ship to sail the seas,
You may build a cabin, if you please,
You may build a home for a happy pair,
You may build castles in the air;
All these will last but for a day,
You're building for eternity.
"Tis character that you must build,
Your very being must be filled
with noble deeds and thoughts, then smile
"Twill build a character worth while;
A character that can't be sold
But one that's worth its weight in gold.
The house will stand but for a day,
Its walls will crumble and decay,
The ship may sail, we know not where,
Your castles vanish in the air.
Fire and storm may raze the home
And the happy pair be left to roam;
But the character you build today
Will last through all eternity.

So build with the best the Lord has given,
And show to the world that you have striven,
And when the goal is reached at last
And all the cares of life are past,
You'll hear the Master's glad "Well done,"
At the last setting of the sun.

Written August 17, 1936.



Robert Stackler

R O B E R T E M A N U E L S T A E B L E R

Robert Emanuel Staebler was born in Scio, Washenaw County, Michigan, March 12th, 1871, the son of Michael and Katherine Paul Staebler.

Mr. Staebler was educated in the schools of the community in which he was born and the public schools of Ann Arbor, Michigan.

Mr. Staebler began his business experience in a clothing store in Ann Arbor and became a partner in the business with the firm name of Staebler and Wuerth.

In 1906 Mr. Staebler came to Kalamazoo and became one of the organizers of the Kalamazoo Paper Box Company. For twenty-seven years he was associated with this company and was Secretary and General Manager until 1926 when he became President and General Manager.

June 10th, 1896, Mr. Staebler married Martha Otto and two sons came into the home, Paul Otto and Richard George. Paul married Evah Sisson and Richard married Dorothy Snow.

Mr. Robert Staebler was a member of the Rotary Club, the Masonic order, the Gull Lake Country Club and was a member of the Board of Education of Kalama-

zoo for several terms. He was also a member of the First Congregational Church and for a number of years was a Trustee.

Robert Emanuel Staebler died June 10th, 1933.

On June 13th, 1933, the following editorial appeared in the Kalamazoo Gazette:

"Few personal tragedies in the history of Kalamazoo have carried so keen a sense of community loss and sorrow as the passing of Robert Staebler.

"Identified with this city's industrial life since 1906, Mr. Staebler was likewise known and admired by everyone for his energetic service in important civic, social, and religious activities. He was the type of business leader who sincerely loved the community in which he moved and who believed in giving generously of his time and talents for the welfare of his fellow-citizens as a whole. His services to the chamber of commerce, to the public school system, to his church, and to numerous other agencies of community betterment were broad in scope yet free from the faintest taint of self-glorification. The essential fineness and modesty of the man which were so marked in all his personal relationships also gave added lustre to his larger works in behalf of Kalamazoo and its people.

"The sort of man who can be a leader in industrial-commercial enterprise, a public-spirited civic leader, and a modest and sensitive gentleman all at the same time is rare indeed. Such a man was Robert E. Staebler. The tragedy of this fine citizen's passing is a tragedy for all Kalamazoo."

The funeral was held in the First Congregational Church on June the thirteenth and the Reverend Torrance Phelps, the pastor of the church, paid the following tribute to Robert Emanuel Staebler:

"There is nothing more admirable in human nature than the impulse to honor the memory of noble men. We assemble today to commemorate the services of one who is worthy of the noblest tribute. The community as well as our parish suffers in the loss of one who advanced the economic, cultural and spiritual progress of Kalamazoo.

"Mr. Staebler was a man of modest and self-forgetting spirit, who did not covet the applause of his contemporaries. His character and service, however, were of such a high order that it is only just to speak of them. Through all the past years he was a man of invincible strength and personal force, a strong tower of encouragement to all who knew him. His kind and sympathetic nature inspired our affection, and his fidelity to his friends enshrines him in our hearts forever. Devotion, that sublime quality which is divine because it is the essence of God, was the distinguished trait of his spirit. In all his relations with those who surrounded him, or in public affairs, he stood as impregnable as a rock to which we could retreat as a rallying point.

"Upon this occasion it is also appropriate to speak of his fine and gracious

personality. After an intimate acquaintance, I can say that I never knew a man with more unfailing courtesy. His character was unimpeachable, his career unbesmirched by crooked dealing. He was the type of business man of the highest class, one whose sincerity was unquestioned, and whose practice could endure exacting scrutiny. In an age when men are tempted to fortune by hook or crook, he strove to build his life upon righteous principles. No vices of intemperance or vulgarity stained his bright escutcheon.

"The distinguishing trait of modern man is that he is a builder. The creative passion beats in his veins, and one by one achievements issue from his hands. Robert Staebler was a builder of the first order. By his initiative and energy, he rose from obscurity to distinctive and honorable achievement. In the prime and vigor of his powers he was capable of the widest activities, and he ranked as one of the conspicuous citizens of Kalamazoo. He made a real contribution to the expansion of our economic life and was among the group of forward looking men who sought to enlarge the industrial life and prosperity of the city.

"There were two other fields where his creative impulse found expression. He believed that knowledge is power, and that education is one of the foundations of enlightenment and progress. An empire may survive a kingdom of ignorant subjects, but a democracy requires trained intelligence - the faculty of judgment and the power of critical thought. Robert Staebler was devoted for a number of years to the development of the educational system of this city. He was one of the chief leaders, a decade ago, in originating a great building program, when the congestion of the schools required increased facilities. Today we justly honor him as one who advanced the cultural life of the city and enlarged the opportunities of youth.

"Like the noblest citizens of America, he believed religion was the founda-

tion of progress and stability. During his entire life, he was a faithful friend of the church and its ministry. He believed that religion deserves a man's best efforts, and the noblest of structures. Universal history reveals this in the temples and cathedrals which are scattered over the earth. In every age and clime men have devoted their best to the erection of the House of God. During the building of this church, as Chairman of the Building Committee he was tireless in his efforts and sacrificed many hours for its completion.

"In this city of beautiful churches, all progressive men ought to exhibit the highest devotion to religion. Through the church the principles are proclaimed which inspire men to right conduct and business ethics. When men neglect the church they weaken the foundations upon which the industrial structure rests. The United States has suffered during the past years from a moral, not an economic, collapse, and the church is calling this generation back again to recovery through the practice of Christ's teaching. Standing here in the presence of one whose loyalty to the church was unfaltering, we ought to pledge ourselves anew to the institution which is the organ and agent of progress.

"The noblest citizens of our day are also animated by an ardent spirit of public service. They realize that every person owes some form of service to the community. We are reared in a city built by other hands, and it is an inescapable obligation of the youngest as well as of the wisest to have some part in the program of civic betterment. Kalamazoo is one of the most progressive cities because of the unselfish efforts of broad-minded citizens such as Robert Staebler. Every such example of a man who never shirked a duty and who always wanted to be useful, should arouse us all to higher vision of civic obligation. This is one of the supreme needs of the hour. As we look about, we can see an appallingly

small number of public servants of the first degree. The real tragedy of modern life is that so many who have ability and resources live an exclusive, self-centered life, caring nothing for the general good, caring only for their own comfort or pleasure.

"We ask today, as the great public servants are passing away, who are to take their place? Do the younger men and women catch the vision of the imperative obligation to advance the cultural and religious interests of the city? Will these great institutions, reared by the altruism and sacrifice of that bright galaxy of public spirited citizens who have lighted up the community, receive the allegiance of the rising generation? As we pause to honor one who labored for the industrial, educational and religious development of the city, may we see the need and pick up the torch from falling hands.

"The minds of many today are still bewildered. The shades of fear have be-nighted us for many months and are not yet lifted. It is often said that the worst foe is blind and unreasoning fear. But the way to recovery is not by a mere outburst of optimism that "better days are coming". If that is all we are waiting for, we shall only invite again the sorrow of a depression that has sprung from greed and selfishness. Upon such a day as this, when Death dispels the mists, may we see the true moral and spiritual basis of America's welfare. May we see that only God, righteousness and service can make us happy, noble and immortal.

"And now, as we leave this Temple of religion, let us behold our beloved and honored friend, whose memory is stirred with many golden deeds, entering the Heavenly Temple, where he pursues his way with 'virtue that is celestial, truth that is radiant', and service that continues to be God-like."



Lena Maile Stafford

L E N A M A I L E S T A F F O R D

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Lena Belle Maile, daughter of George and Mary Shumway Maile, was born in Schoolcraft, Michigan, March 9, 1879, the father being of English descent and the mother of French and Holland parentage. There were two other children in this family: Marshall, born September 30, 1877 and Frank, born December 3, 1888, which was his mother's thirty-third birthday.

The family moved to South Haven, Michigan, when Lena was three years old and when she was eight they moved to a farm in the nearby Maple Grove community. Lena attended the public school and Sunday school in Maple Grove and also the Methodist Church and Sunday school in South Haven.

Mr. Maile passed away March 27, 1920 and his wife followed March 10, 1922.

Living in this same farming community of Maple Grove was another former Schoolcraft family, that of James L. Stafford, whose wife was the former Mary J. Wynn, both of whom were of English ancestry. Their six children were: Harry A., born in School-

craft October 2, 1876; Lloyd L., deceased; Arthur J., deceased; William M.; Clarence F., and George Lawrence. James L. Stafford passed away April 5, 1926.

November 21, 1896, Miss Lena Belle Maile was united in marriage with Harry A. Stafford and the couple began housekeeping on a farm at Maple Grove and became the parents of three children:

Estella M., born November 5, 1897, married Marvin F. Mock November 14, 1917 and became the mother of Marvin F. Jr. and Evelyn Louise;

Ralph, born November 13, 1902, married Lillian Eitel and is the father of seven children, two of whom died in infancy;

Marie E., born August 19, 1904, married William P. Boyle October 2, 1923 and became the mother of nine children, one of whom passed away at nine years of age.

In December, 1904, Mr. Stafford moved his family to Kalamazoo and engaged in various occupations until he began to work for the Grand Rapids and Indiana Railway, which was later absorbed by the Pennsylvania Railroad. He remained in the employ of these companies for thirty-five years and eight months and retired April 15, 1941.

At an early age, Mrs. Stafford had united with the Methodist Church in South Haven and upon moving to Kalamazoo transferred her membership to the

Simpson Methodist Church. Eight years later the home was on the east side of the city and the family became members of the East Avenue Methodist Church. When the residence was changed for the south side the membership was transferred to the Stockbridge Avenue Methodist Church.

In August, 1933, the Staffords purchased a home at 1019 Reed Street where they continued to reside since that time until Mrs. Stafford passed away and where Mr. Stafford resides at the time of this writing in 1943.

It was here that death first broke the family circle and Mrs. Stafford, the wife and mother, was called to her Heavenly Home December 8, 1941.

Mrs. Stafford's interests were varied. Being of a social nature and greatly beloved by all who knew her, her life became one of service both in her church and among her friends. She was active in the women's societies of the church, in the Sunday school and in the general work of the church.

She had a warm, pleasing personality and was greatly appreciated in each and every group and circle of which she became a part.

She was devoted to her home, her husband and her children and made her home a desirable and lovely

place in which to live. The furnishings of her house were enhanced by the loving hand work she contributed to them.

Her personal integrity, her admiration for and strict adherence to the virtues that were "pure, lovely and of good report" won her the esteem and fidelity of a large circle of friends.

Mrs. Stafford was of medium height and weight with dark hair and blue eyes and a sunny disposition. She loved and lived by her Bible, the inspiration of the beautiful hymns of the church and the guidance of her Lord, to whom she had early in life given her love and devotion.

Just a short time before her death, when she lay practically unconscious, she was singing, "Nearer My God To Thee."

One of her last requests was that part of the money which otherwise might be used by friends for flowers should be spent to call attention of passers-by to the services of the church she had faithfully served. In response to this request a beautiful illuminated bulletin board and cross has been placed at the corner of the church building.

The funeral services for this beloved child of God were conducted by her pastor, Reverend Richard

D. Wearne, assisted by former pastors, Reverend George A. Brown and Reverend Grant Jordan. Interment was in Riverside cemetery.

"Nearer my God to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
E'en tho it be a cross
That raiseth me.
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer my God to Thee,
Nearer my God to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!"

Mr. & Mrs. L. O. Starbuck



M R . & M R S .

L E E O R E N S T A R B U C K

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"For many years engaged in the marketing of candies, Lee Oren Starbuck of Winnetka, Illinois, and Gull Lake, Michigan, was successful in his many enterprises. He maintained his summer home at Gull Lake while carrying on his business activities over a broad territory.

At his retirement to his home at Gull Lake he turned his attention mainly to the breeding of Irish wolfhounds. This ancient canine race always interested him and he became a deep student of dog lore and wisdom, both from the historical aspect and from the point of view of his own breeding activities. He acquired friends from all walks of life, people who remained lastingly loyal to him through the years."

Mr. Starbuck was born in Indiana April 24, 1872, son of George and Sarah Stafford Starbuck. "His father was a gentleman farmer of Indiana. The mother pioneered in educational work among Indiana women, sponsoring many theories of public instruction that are now in operation on a large scale."

Lee Oren Starbuck was educated in Indiana schools and upon finishing high school studies worked as salesman for a roller shade company. He took as a side line the marketing of sweets and it so fascinated him that he found himself devoting his full time to this occupation. The sale of imported candies was a rarity and Mr. Starbuck became a ~~pioneer~~ pioneer in the importing of fine candies. This gained him wide recognition. As a side line and recreational interest he established a business that soon brought him into front rank in another field - an interest that grew beyond the confines of recreation and became a deeply absorbing work - that of breeding and raising Irish wolfhounds. He did much to raise the standard of this science. He became the organizer and secretary of the Irish Wolfhound Club of America, and was an honorary member of similar societies in England, Ireland and Holland.

He had become interested in this breed after he had purchased a pair of fine Irish wolfhounds for his wife. They had a litter and the puppies so interested him that he built his own kennels at "Ambleside" the beautiful country home at Gull Lake.

It was on Jan. 4, 1917, that Mr. Starbuck was

united in marriage to Miss Alma Jensen of Battle Creek, Michigan. She was the daughter of Carl Jensen, a merchant tailor, a farm owner, sportsman and linguist. Mrs. Starbuck's mother's maiden name was Ellen Nelson. Alma was one of six children, five girls and one boy. She was a beautiful girl, with a delightful personality, charm and wit. She had studied music with Mary Peck Thompson in Chicago and at Battle Creek, with Carl Goff and the Chicago Conservatory of Music and with other noted teachers.

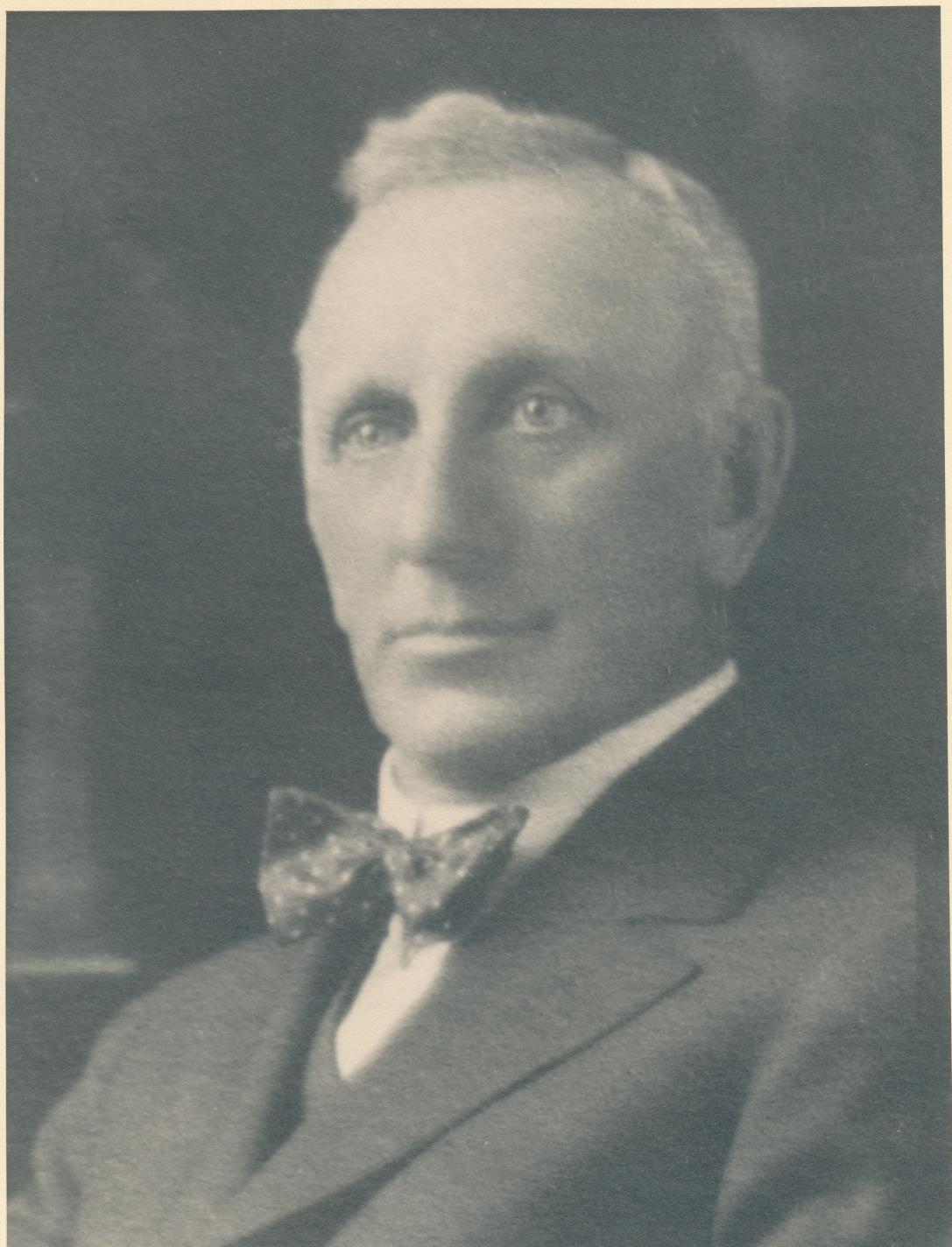
She engaged in lyceum and concert work and was on the Chautauqua platform during the summer. Her splendid voice and pleasant manner admitted her into the friendship of many people of note. She was reared an Episcopalian and frequently sang in that and other churches.

After her marriage to Mr. Starbuck his interest in Irish wolfhounds led her into a deep and thorough study of the breeding and care of the dogs. Together they worked until they possessed the largest kennel of Irish wolfhounds in the world.

Mr. Starbuck's interest at "Ambleside" also led to the collection of guns. He did considerable hunting and fishing in leisure time, enjoying nature and landscapes to the full. He was fond of good

reading, particularly of biography. In their beautiful "Ambleside" Mr. and Mrs. Starbuck lived the life of a country gentleman and his lady.

Death came to break this earthly tie on July 31, 1935, when he passed away. Manufacturer, sportsman, country gentleman, friend and good citizen, Lee Oren Starbuck's earthly career was over. The foregoing was written in 1942. Some of the material was taken from the Encyclopedia of American Biography in which the biography of Mr. Starbuck is included.



George E. Steers

G E O R G E E . S T E E R S

George E. Steers was the son of Thomas and Mary Ann Steers, who came to Rochester, New York, from London, England, in 1849.

Thomas Steers came to Kalamazoo, Michigan, in 1875, when he bought the farm where the Vegetable Parchment Paper Company is now located. The farm home still stands on the west side of the road.

George E. Steers was born in Rochester, New York, June 8, 1860, and came to Kalamazoo, Michigan, with his father in 1875. He started in the Ice and Fuel business in January, 1893, and in December, 1903, he bought out the Kalamazoo Ice Company and changed the name to the Kalamazoo Ice and Fuel Company. In January, 1916, he took over the Superior Ice Company and in 1919 the old Dewing Lumber Company, all of which he ran in conjunction with, and under the name of, the Kalamazoo Ice and Fuel Company.

George E. Steers was married to Emmer J. Eldred October 2, 1890. The following children came into the home: Mrs. Fred Faugust of Jacksonville, Illinois; Katherine E. Steers of Kalamazoo, Michigan; George Steers, Jr., Kalamazoo; Benjamin Steers of Detroit; and Sheldon Steers of Lansing, Michigan.

GOOD ROADS ADVOCATE

Mr. Steers was a pioneer in this area in highway construction through the Lowe-Steers Construction Company, organized about 1910. This firm built the third-rail electric railway between Kalamazoo and Grand Rapids, and then turned to highway construction and laid many miles of highway in these parts and including some of the Camp Custer construction in the time of the World War.

ORGANIZED CREAMERY

In 1904, with O. K. Buckhout, Mr. Steers organized the Kalamazoo Creamery Company and was president of the firm at the time of his death.

As a farm boy and team contractor, Mr. Steers was fond of horses, and in the fuel business and the creamery company he was always particularly interested in the horses used. It is said that the fuel company retained horse-drawn trucks many years after it should have been using motor-trucks because Mr. Steers was reluctant to "retire" the animals.

This interest in horses also led him to his connection with the Recreation Park Association, which for many years conducted Grand Circuit races Recreation Park.

Mr. Steers was a member of the Elks. He belonged to no other organizations out side of his business connections.

He died at his residence at 318 Woodward avenue Saturday morning, December 28th, 1935. The funeral was held in the Truesdale Chapel the following Tuesday and interment was in the Battle Creek Mausoleum.



Mrs. Emma J. Steers

M R S . E M M E R J. S T E E R S

Emmer J. Eldred was born at Climax, Michigan, December 8, 1858, daughter of Alonzo and Polly Peckham Eldred.

The other children of her father's family were: Alice, Amy, Eunice, Ida, Inez, Ithel, William H. and Byron A.

Emmer J. Eldred married Horace Fancher January 1, 1877. Mr. Fancher died May 12, 1889. October 2, 1890, Mrs. Emmer J. Eldred Fancher married George E. Steers.

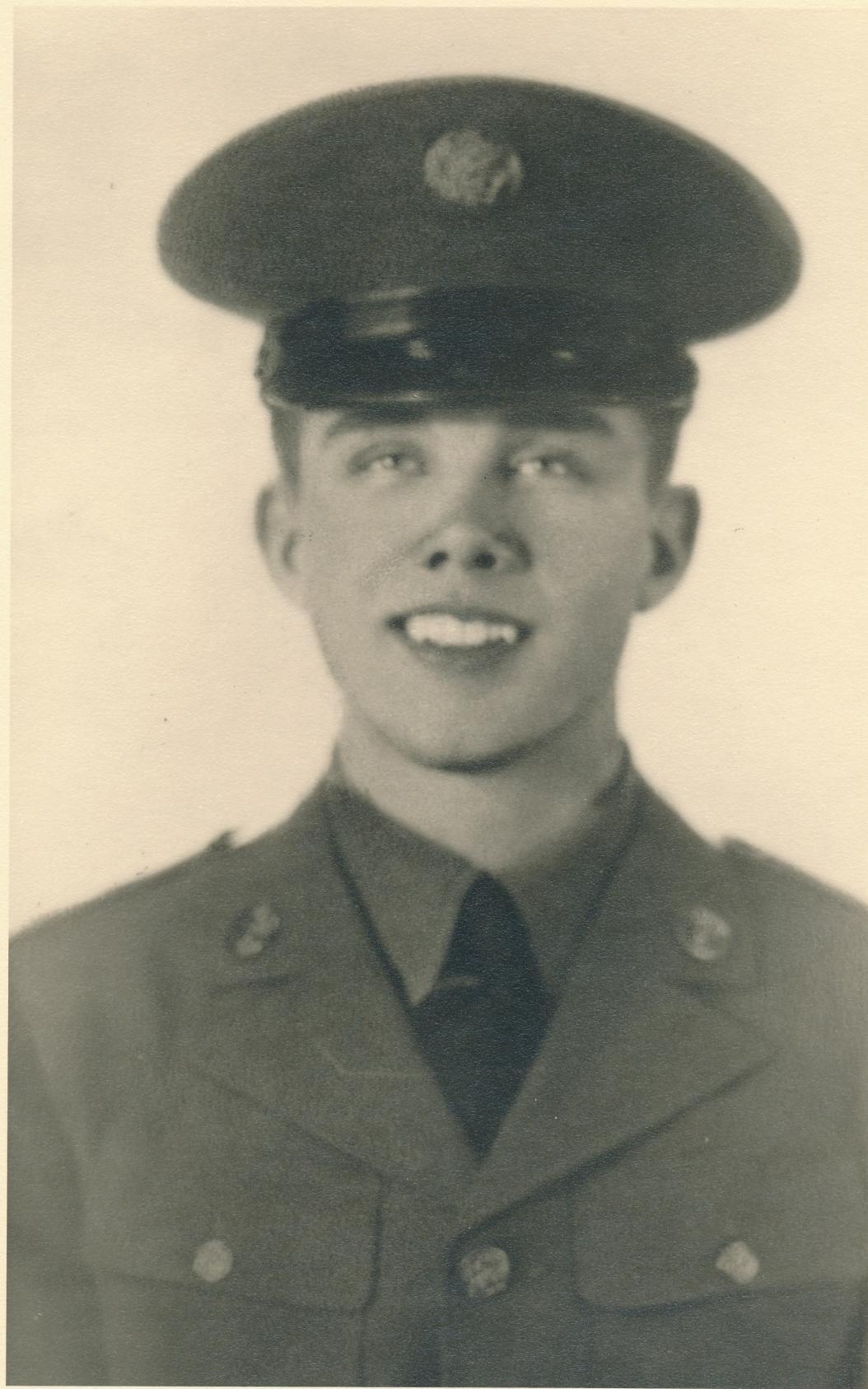
One son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Fancher, Jay Fancher of Cooper, Michigan; also Hazel and Ernest, who died in infancy. To Mr. and Mrs. Steers two daughters and three sons were born: Mrs. Fred Faugust of Jacksonville, Illinois; Katherine E. Steers of Kalamazoo, Michigan; George Steers, Jr., of Kalamazoo, Michigan; Benjamin Steers of Detroit, Michigan; and Sheldon Steers of Lansing, Michigan.

Mrs. Emmer J. Steers was a resident of the City of Kalamazoo for more than fifty years. She was seventy-five years of age at the time of her death which occurred at the residence, 318 Woodward

Avenue, Kalamazoo, Michigan, Wednesday, November 14, 1934. The funeral was held in the Truesdale Chapel the following Monday afternoon and interment was in the Battle Creek Mausoleum.

Mrs. Emmer J. Steers was a member of the First Church of Christ Scientist in Kalamazoo and also of the Mother Church in Boston, Massachusetts. She was also a member of the White Shrine and the Eastern Star.

William Stannersh



W I L L I A M S T E R N B E R G H

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Private William Sternbergh was first reported missing in action in the Philippine Islands in February 1943. Later his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harley Sternbergh, then residing at 1120 North Pitcher street, Kalamazoo, Michigan, were informed by the United States War Department that their son was a prisoner of war in the hands of the Japanese.

Private William Sternbergh attended the Roosevelt and Central High Schools in Kalamazoo, Michigan, and enlisted in the United States Army January 19, 1939, and was assigned to the medical corps at Fort Wayne, Detroit, Michigan. Later he re-enlisted for a three year period in foreign service and was assigned to the coast artillery.

When taken prisoner he was serving as a gunner at Fort Drum on the Philippine Islands. The last direct word from him was received by his parents in December 1941. At that time he stated he was in good health and asked them not to worry about him.

Then in June 1943 came the government report

that he was missing in action, followed later by the report that he was a prisoner of the Japanese government and the parents were told they might expect to hear from their son in the near future, as he was being held in a Japanese prison camp in the Philippine Islands. In July 1943 came the report that Private William Sternbergh had died in the Japanese prison camp. The Washington message gave no indication as to the cause of his death. It was ten months after he was reported missing in action that the parents received word that he was prisoner of war and was in apparent good health.



Herbert Lee Stetson

H E R B E R T L E E S T E T S O N.

Herbert Lee Stetson was born at Greene, Maine, October 16, 1847. He entered Colby College in 1869, leaving at the end of two years to begin his pastoral career in the West.

Ordained in 1871 in the Baptist Church in Griggsville, Illinois, he continued as pastor of that church until 1874. During the next four years he served the Baptist churches in Woodstock, Winnetka, and Wilmette, Illinois, meanwhile entering the Baptist Union Theological Seminary, Chicago, from which he was graduated in 1878 with the degree B. D. In that year he entered upon a successful ten-year pastorate of the Baptist Church in Logansport, Indiana. During this period, the young minister found time to edit the Indiana Baptist, to serve as trustee of the University of Indiana, and to assist in founding the Baptist Ministers' Aid Society, of which he was the first president.

In 1888 he was called to the First Baptist Church of Des Moines, Iowa, and after three years in this pulpit, he was elected to the presidency of Des Moines College, a position he occupied with distinction for eleven years. Franklin College conferred the degree M. A. upon him in 1886 and the degree D.D.

in 1889, and Des Moines College honored him with an LL.D. degree in 1901. In 1902, 1904, and again in 1907, he was professorial lecturer on psychology and religion at The University of Chicago, and in 1909 at Rochester Theological Seminary.

When Dr. E. A. Read died in 1900, President Slocum summoned Dr. Stetson to the chair of Psychology and pedagogy at Kalamazoo College. His work in this department won quick recognition, and his efficiency as a teacher, together with his delightful personality, gained for him the respect and affection of his students. Within four years he was given an administrative position as librarian, and for eight years he labored indefatigably, not only to improve, but actually to create, a library. It is not too much to say that Dr. Stetson was the father of the modern library of Kalamazoo College.

Between 1900 and 1912, when so many important issues were agitating the faculty, Dr. Stetson was a leader of the progressive wing, advocating changes in method and practice, such as the modernization of the curriculum, and many others. One of his outstanding achievements in this period was the completion of the endowment campaign in the spring of 1911.

In June, 1911, President Slocum was given a

leave of absence and the Trustees elected Dr. Stetson dean and acting president of the College. Unanimously supported by the Trustees and Faculty, he immediately carried a sweeping transformation of the curriculum through to a successful conclusion. Other reforms followed; new life began to pulsate through the College, and the value of Dr. Stetson's leadership became so evident that he was elected president in 1913.

President Stetson now envisaged a program of expansion for the College in all phases of its work — campus development, increase in endowment, and provision for adequate equipment. All of this came to focus in connection with the Baptist New World Movement, and a program involving the expenditure of \$1,800,000 and the construction of a new plant on a new campus was projected. Though the program as such failed due to the collapse of the New World Movement in 1921, the growth of the College, especially in the enrollment of students, was astonishing. One hundred thousand dollars in new endowment was raised in 1915, and another campaign was started a few years later. Salaries were increased, the teaching staff enlarged, and better laboratory facilities provided.

The World War created many problems, both of

curriculum and of administration, but President Stetson guided the College through them all with a masterly hand. The S. A. T. C., located on the campus, was one of the best in the country.

As president he won the confidence of the student body from the beginning by establishing an "Open Forum." Athletics attained great prominence. A new type of chapel service was introduced by Dr. Stetson, and religious emphasis was strong.

On June 17, 1919, Dr. Stetson tendered his resignation as president, but it did not become effective until the arrival of Dr. Allan Hoben in September, 1922. Dr. Stetson was now seventy-five years old. His had been an arduous but notable administration, whose major achievements included the reconstruction of the curriculum, the establishment of the Open Forum, the development of the library, the building up of endowment and equipment, the increase in enrollment amounting to almost 100 per cent, and the success with which the College met the difficulties arising from the World War. But notable as these accomplishments were, Dr. Stetson's leadership gave the College something else - something less tangible, perhaps, but no less real. It was a new spirit - a spirit of progress, of vitality and good will.

Dr. Stetson continued to serve as professor of

psychology and education until 1926. From 1926 to 1928 he was director of the placement bureau, and from 1926 to 1933, he held the position of college chaplain. It was eminently fitting that the college chapel, erected in 1932, should have been named in his honor.

During the last years of his life Dr. Stetson continued to command the love and respect of the alumni, students and faculty of the College, and of the citizens of Kalamazoo. He had become a tradition. Almost to the end he ceased not to serve the institution and to mingle in its social life.

His last appearance on the campus was in November, 1934. A long but apparently minor illness followed. Early in the new year it was apparent that he was growing weaker. Finally complications set in and he died early on the morning of Friday, January 18, 1935. The funeral service was held in Stetson Chapel on Monday, January 21st, at 2 P.M.

Dr. Stetson was united in marriage in 1874 to Mary C. Clifford, daughter of the Reverend Nathaniel Clifford, a Methodist minister of Monmouth, Maine. Mrs. Stetson died in 1930 at the age of eighty, following a long illness. Dr. Stetson is survived by a son, Dr. Paul C. Stetson, Indianapolis, Indiana, president of the superintendents' division of the

National Education Association; and three daughters, Mrs. Trevor Arnett, New York, Miss Lillian Stetson, Kalamazoo, and Mrs. James B. Fleugel, Kalamazoo, and three grandchildren.

A T R I B U T E.

by

Maynard Owen Williams, '10

From the front page of The Gazette there smiles a beloved face, that of the man who sent me to Syria and so widened my horizon. You say he is dead.

Dr. Stetson is not dead.

As long as the memory of those who knew him endures, his personality will endure. Stetson Chapel will continue to be a spiritual shrine because it designates a House of God with the name of a Godlike man who loved and will continue to love.

Forms of religion change. In 1914, the church stood almost solidly behind war. Last fall, in Edinburgh, standing before R. Tait Mackenzie's "The Call--1914," a young Scot said to me, "There may be others, but that was the last war 'To the Glory of God.'"

Dr. Stetson lived to the glory of God and to those attributes of comprehensible Deity which are eternal. Tolerance, sympathy, love of mankind--

such qualities will ever be Godlike. Dr. Stetson had them.

Those accustomed to daily personal contacts with the "Grand Old Man of Kalamazoo College" will miss him. To those of us who have sensed his reality and inspiration across a wide separation, his death brings no change. During years to come, this beloved friend will be as genuinely, vividly inspirational as during the quarter century since we sat under him in Bowen Hall.

This is no impulsive bit of sentimentality. My own parents, though buried in Kalamazoo, are to me as alive today as they were for years during which we were separated, not by a mystic barrier, but by physical distance.

Against physical separation, love rebels. But the grave, cruel though it be to near friends and relatives, equalizes a vast company to whom personality has permanence and the spirit is eternal."

(The foregoing was written in 1935)



Mrs. Mary Stetson

M A R Y C L I F F O R D S T E T S O N.

by

the Reverend J. E. Smith, D. D.,
Syracuse, New York.

"Dear friends, a beautiful life has finished its earthly pilgrimage, a great soul has passed over into the great beyond. It is a matter of deep satisfaction to me to be here today and speak of this wonderful life and I only wish I had words that were eloquent enough to express the feelings and emotions that arise within me on this occasion. I take it that we are not here so much to mourn for her as to recall her beautiful life. We are going to miss her everywhere, out of the family circle, out of the church where she has had her membership so long, out of circles where she has moved, but we are sure that she has gone to claim her birthright in the family of God and to take that inheritance which Paul says is 'incorruptible, undefiled and which fadeth not away,' reserved in Heaven for those who are granted by God unto a salvation to be revealed the last day.

She lived her life of 80 years. That is not a brief life as we count time. Perhaps very brief as God may reckon days and months and years. Fifty-nine of these years were in the close companionship of her distinguished husband. Laboring side by side

with him in all these great labors of love and responsibility to her came in these days of responsibility many honors which she carried with great gracefulness and with credit to herself and her friends.

It was my great privilege to know her through nearly thirty years of this life. I would like to characterize her in a few words just as it seems to me she deserves now that I think of the life as finished as far as earth is concerned.

I like to say first of all that I characterize her as a true friend. She had a great capacity for friendship, that's why she had so many friends, as evidenced by these most beautiful floral tokens and by your presence here and by a multitude who would be here if they could. A true friend. Distance was no barrier, as I can testify and our family can testify. Time was no hindrance, for through these years this friendship has grown until certainly it was stronger these last days than ever before, and I know from my own knowledge that we were not the only ones for whom she had a very, very close friendship.

I would like to characterize her as a delightful neighbor. For many years we lived within the sphere, I think I could call it atmosphere, of her home and many, many times she would drop into the parsonage

and speak her word of love and cheer and bring her ministries, if there was an emergency, her ministries of material helpfulness, as well as words of wisdom, counsel, kindness, and comfort. There are many, many homes that are going to miss her because she was such a wonderful neighbor with such a capacity for friendship.

I would like to characterize her as a most helpful parishioner, always in her place in the church, always ready to do her part, always charitable to her ministers. I came to Kalamazoo as a young man about 30 years of age to take charge of the First Baptist Church. She took me into her heart. She would not let me fail. She would not let me get discouraged. Always something in the sermon and no matter how poor it seemed to me, always something to commend, some sentence, some thought, some illustration, -something to commend. She would not let me be discouraged. To her is due something at least of the value, if there has been such, in the ministry of my life. She was a wonderful member of this church and I am told that in these recent days when she has been deprived of coming to the house of God that she has felt seriously this loss.

I would like to characterize her as a remarkable letter writer. For during these 17 years since our

family has left Kalamazoo, very, very many letters came from Mrs. Stetson. She would not wait for us to write an answer but would write when something came up that she thought we would be interested in. And when I would tell her how much we appreciated her letters she would say, 'Do not thank me. It is not a hardship for me to write letters. I write them easily. I like to write them.' I think it would be a rare volume that could be made up from letters that she has written to her friends, giving most intimately the things that have transpired, the news of the church, the instances in her home, things that had to do with her friends and our friends. Now would come a clipping; now perhaps a story or a poem. We know that her heart and ours were knitted together in that delightful service which she knew so well how to render through the writing of beautiful letters, filled with their delightful letter value.

I characterize her as having a most talented mind, thinking great thoughts, reading great books, calling our attention frequently to articles in which she had found such helpfulness--in the magazines perhaps. Her mind was of that nature that it sought out the best, praised the best and spoke the best.

And I characterize her lastly and perhaps most characteristically as an unselfish heart. Never

has it been my privilege to have been intimately acquainted with any more unselfish soul than our friend, Mrs. Stetson. Was there some sorrow in the neighborhood, or in the home of some friend, her heart leaped to service. And there are many of us here this afternoon who could testify to the beautiful unselfish ministries of her unselfish heart.

And I thought of her in relationship to that story of the New Testament. You remember when Peter and John were going up to the temple at the hour of prayer there was a man lying there at the beautiful gate asking for alms, and Peter said, 'Silver and gold have I none, but such as I have give I thee, in the name of Jesus of Nazareth, Rise and walk.' From all the wealth of his life he gave to this one what earthly wealth could not give. Out of the wealth of this life of our friend there have come the ministries that have left in our hearts that which can never be taken away from us and makes us truer, stronger, better for having known this wonderful friend. Mrs. Stetson was always ready to help her pastor whenever she found something she thought he could use --some word, some poem-- and long after I had left Kalamazoo there came to me two poems at different times which seemed to characterize her thoughts and which she thought I might be able to use on some such occasion

as this.

This one came to me on April 4, 1920.

"The period of life is brief,
'Tis the red of the red rose leaf,
'Tis the gold of the sunset sky,
'Tis the flight of a bird on high.
One can fill the space with such
infinite grace

That the red will tinge all time,
And the gold thro the ages shine,
And the bird fly swift and straight
To the portal of God's own Gate."

How appropriate that is for this moment. And this other one, with which I close, is equally as significant for this moment.

"The new land, the last land
Where all our journeys end,
Where shouts of welcome sweep the strand
And friend awaiteth friend.
No eve hath yet beholden,
No foot of man hath trod
Those streets all bright and golden--
The highways of our God.

The new land, the last land
Which way it lies we know,
For hither are its odors fanned
When soft its breezes blow.
So we press on with yearning
In toil and service, blessed,
By faith the hills discerning
Of our eternal rest."

Mary Clifford was born in New Portland, Maine, July 29, 1850, the daughter of the Reverend Nathaniel Clifford, a Methodist minister. She was united in marriage to Herbert Lee Stetson in 1874. Mrs. Stetson was survived by her husband and a son, Dr. Paul C. Stetson, Indianapolis, Indiana, president of

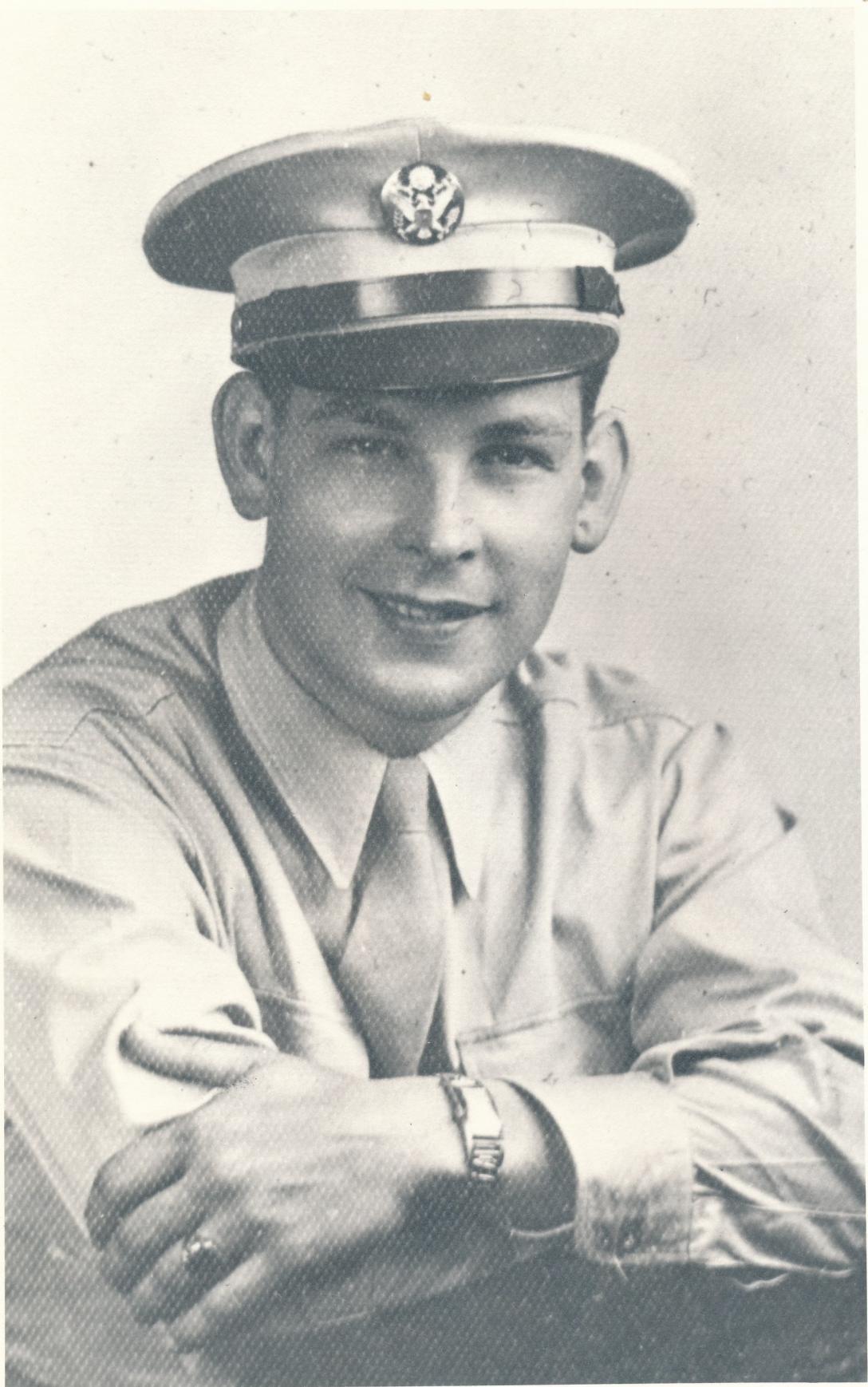
the superintendents' division of the National Educational Association; and three daughters, Mrs. Trevor Arnett, New York, Miss Lillian Stetson, Kalamazoo, and Mrs. James B. Fleugel, Kalamazoo, and three grandchildren.

Surely it can be said of her--her life was filled with good deeds and "her works do follow her."

Mrs. Stetson died November twenty-fourth, nineteen hundred thirty.

(The foregoing was written in 1935)

Ivan Rox Stevens 8



I V A N R O Y S T E V E N S J R .

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Ivan Roy Stevens was born in Madison, Wisconsin, March 7, 1919, the son of Ivan Roy Stevens, who was born in Humboldt, Kansas, October 7, 1885, and Mary Orr Stevens, who was born in Christian county, Kentucky, December 21, 1877. There was but one other child in the family, Nevah, born [REDACTED]

[REDACTED], married Nelson Kuehl, who now, 1945, is in the Army Air Corps. They became the parents of Philip George June 9, 1943, and reside in Kalamazoo, Michigan.

Ivan was graduated from the East High School in Madison, Wisconsin, at the early age of sixteen, in the class of 1936. He was a good student and developed his ability to speak so that he won prizes in debate.

Shortly after his graduation the family moved to Kalamazoo, Michigan, and Ivan worked for his father selling milking machines. Later he was employed by Howard Pore Incorporated as a salesman. He also worked for a time for the Farm Service Corporation.

In 1941 Ivan had another responsible position in Muskegon, Michigan, in the employ of the Household Finance Company. After a short time he was transferred to their office in Lansing, Michigan, where he remained for almost a year and was then sent to Oak Park, Illinois, where he was assistant manager for one year. He then returned to Kalamazoo, Michigan, and was assistant manager for the same company until April 1944, at which time he was drafted into the United States Army.

Military Experience

Ivan Roy Stevens was first sent to Fort Sheridan and then to Fort McClellan, Alabama, an infantry replacement training center, for seventeen weeks of training. He came home on furlough in September 1944 after which he reported at Fort Mead, Maryland, for point of embarkation. He was shipped overseas about October 21, 1944, and landed with his outfit in England November 1, 1944, and was sent immediately to France. About November 20 following he joined the 3rd Army at Metz and was killed in action in the battle of Saarlautern December 14, 1944, less than two months after being shipped overseas.

The following letter written from Neuss, Germany, by Leslie J. Snyder, tells about the battle

of Saarlautern. The letter was dated March 22, 1945 and reads as follows:

Dear Mrs. Stevens,

I don't hardly know where to start in, but first I will start in by answering some of your questions. From the letter I received from you it sounds as if you knew very little concerning the death of your husband. It's too bad the war department doesn't inform you of the details. But in the case of your husband, I imagine it was impossible as so many men were killed or wounded at that time. You asked me if he were killed in Saarlautern or Saarbruken. It happened in Saarlautern around the middle of December, I don't remember the exact date because I didn't know the date.

But to get on with the story, we joined the division around the 21 or 22 of November, and around 1 of December we entered Saarlautern. One battalion had the mission of crossing the Saar River in a pre-dawn crossing and taking a bridge on the river, which we did. We sat there on the bridge for three days taking one of the most terrific shellings that the 3rd Army had ever taken and we beat off counter attacks one after another.

About 2 A. M. on the fourth morning after we had taken the bridge we had the mission (by we, I mean the 379 regt.) of moving on into another part of Saarlautern known as Saarlautern Rhoden. As we got well into the town the Krauts discovered we were there and threw about everything they had at us and that was the morning Vernon Ray was hit and I heard that he lost a leg. As it began to get daylight it got so hot that we couldn't move, so we sat all that day and half that night and early the next morning our first battalion and the second battalion, which your husband was in, shoved off in the attack to take a row of factories, which we did, but with a great deal of resistance. At noon the factories were cleaned and then we had the mission of crossing a big rail road yard and cleaning out buildings on the other side. And that was the most horrible afternoon that ever I have seen as we charged across the tracks, 2 battalions wide, 1st and 2nd, it seemed as though a hundred German machine guns opened up and men were dropping

all around and I'm sorry to say your husband was one of them. Those men that were hit didn't have a decent chance - every time a wounded man moved they machine gunned them until they didn't move any more. Being a machine gunner myself I haven't shown any mercy for them since that day. How I ever got across those tracks without getting hit I'll never know. Since those hellish days in Saarlautern the 95th division has fought in Holland and about three weeks ago we fought through Krifield-Urdingen till we got to the Rhine. And now we are in Neuss on the east bank of the Rhine and you can look across the Rhine and see the white flag of surrender on the buildings in Dusseldorf, although by the sound of our artillery the army doesn't think they have surrendered. I hope they knock down every building from here to Berlin and teach these war minded Germans a beating they will never get over.

You spoke of Jim Schreuder. He is a very good friend of mine and I see him quite often as he is about the only fellow left from close to my home.

Well, I have answered about all your questions that I can and when I get home I would be only too glad to call on you as may be some time in the future I may be able to find out more about your husband's death, any way I shall try.

I hope this letter will not leave a horrible picture in your mind, as I know it must be very hard for you to be brave.

By the way, it is against the army regulations to write letters telling of casualties. But if it will help you any I'll be glad to suffer the consequences.

Well, I must close as it is time for me to go on guard duty. If any more questions come up in your mind, I wish you would write me and I'll try my best to answer them for you.

Well, I shall close for now and remember if there is anything I can do for you, you can feel free to ask me.

God bless you and your family, Mrs. Stevens.

Sincerely,

Leslie J. Snyder

Marriage

April 12, 1941, Ivan Roy Stevens was married to Evelyn Louise Mock, daughter of Marvin F. and Estella Stafford Mock. Mr. Mock was born in Darke county, Ohio, September 7, 1895, and Mrs. Mock was born in South Haven, Michigan, November 5, 1897. They have one son, Marvin F. Mock, Jr., born October 9, 1918, while his dad was in Russia, a member of the Polar Bear Division of military fame. Marvin F. Mock, Jr., was married on the 25th anniversary of the wedding of his parents and became the husband of Cornelia Van Sweden November 14, 1942, and resides in Kalamazoo, Michigan.

Mr. and Mrs. Ivan Roy Stevens became the parents of:

Myrna Louise, born [redacted]; and

Colleen Jo, born July 21, 1944, and her father saw her just once when he was home on furlough.

Personal Characteristics

Ivan Roy Stevens was five feet ten inches tall and weighed about two hundred pounds. He had dark hair, brown eyes and a warm smile. He was a winsome personality, easy to get acquainted and had hundreds of friends.

He was always busy at some useful occupation from the time he was able to work, so never found

Murtaise

April 18, 1941, Ivan Roy Sevane was married to
Helen Louise Mock, daughter of Marvin E. and
Estellie Statford Mock. Mr. Mock was born in Delta
County, Ohio, September 4, 1892, and Mrs. Mock was
born in County Haven, Michigan, November 2, 1893.
They have one son, Marvin E. Mock, Jr., born
October 3, 1918, wife his said was in Hawaii,
member of the Polar Bear Division of Military Loyal
Marvin E. Mock, Jr., was married on the 25th
anniversary of his marriage to his bride and became
the husband of Colleen Van Sweden November 14, 1943,
and resides in Kalamazoo, Michigan.
Mr. and Mrs. Ivan Roy Sevane became the bride
of:

Marie Potts, born July 31, 1918; and
Colleen 10, born July 31, 1944, and her last name
was her [REDACTED] was born in [REDACTED]
Michigan.

Personality Characteristics

Ivan Roy Sevane was five feet four inches tall
and weighing about two hundred pounds. He had dark
hair, brown eyes and a warm smile. He was a
mild-mannered, easy to get along with and had
a fund of friends.
He was always ready for some friendly conversation
from the time he was six to work, so never found

time for too much recreation. He enjoyed the usual sports of fishing and golf and other competitive games when he could find time for them. He built a boat and also worked at other manual arts projects.

Ivan was a member of the Presbyterian Church in Madison, Wisconsin, and after his marriage transferred his membership to the Stockbridge Avenue Methodist Church, of which his wife was a member. His children were baptized in this Church and it became to him a very sacred place. He was very active in the work of the Church and helped to organize a young adult group. He taught a boys' class in the Church School and on Laymen's Sunday spoke from the pulpit with marked acceptability.

He was devoted to his wife and family as is shown by the following copy of one of his letters:

Letter # 14

Somewhere in France
20 November 1944

My dearest Ones:

Yesterday was the day of rest (?) but no chance to write came about, so I'll see what this spare moment produces. At least I'll get a letter started to you, honey, darling.

We have moved about considerable and I saw the city of Orleans (Joan de Arc) once. Since leaving the States I have not had a pass, so other than what I can see of France from a window of a 40 and 8 or from the rear of a truck, I haven't seen too much. On occasion I have eaten some of the French bread and it is rough but good and good for you. Chow is good in some places and pretty lousy in others. Sometimes we sleep under cover and sometimes we don't. Most of France that I have seen is pretty and

time for good much relaxation. He enjoyed this very
solo to fishing and boat and other competitive
games when he could find time for them. He built
a boat and this was marketed as a boat manufactory
Ivan was a member of the Presbyterian Church
in Madison, Wisconsin, and after his marriage
transferred his membership to the Secondridge Avenue
Methodist Church, of which his wife was a member.
His children were baptized in this church and it
became to him a very sacred place. He was very
active in the work of the church and helped to
organize a young adult group. He taught Sunday
class in the church school on Pleasant Avenue, a Sunday
school from the building with marked success.
He was deeply interested in the welfare of his wife and family as is
shown by the following copy of one of his letters:

Somewhere in France
20 November 1944

Letter # 14

Mr. Webster Odess:

Yesterday was the day to leave (4) but no chance
of writing home so I'll see you later this week
moment bologna. At least I'll beg a letter.
I can see the letter from a friend, I haven't seen you now
from the letter I have some time to write
on occasion I have some time to write
and it is long but good for you. Good to
good in some places and brief in others.
Sometimes we have under cover and sometimes we
have. Most of the time I have seen is brief and

there are lots of small farms producing apples, root vegetables, and dairy products. As I told you before we came through Normandy and I can readily see why fighting was so tough in that hedgerow country. You have seen pictures of soldiers marching along roadways with tall trees on both sides close to the road. Much of the highway system is lined with such trees.

Darling, I wish mail came here as it did before. I'll have a whole mail bag of mail from you when it catches up and that will be wonderful, but it is still nicer to get that letter every day. I know how you must miss regular letters and I hate missing writing you for days at a time, but when conditions don't permit it there is no way out.

I have been wearing longhandled underwear for a long time now, but have had only one bath since I got off the boat. Can you imagine that? I am quite a dirty pig, don't you think?

The Kalamazoo boys are still with me and that includes Jim. We sure have stuck together for a long time. I hope it isn't long before we get assigned somewhere. Of course when we are chasing around the country we aren't fighting, and that is worth something.

I dream of you often, my sweetheart, and am thinking of you always. Most of this outfit are Pre-Pearl Harbor fathers and we talk of our families most of the time. I hope whatever part I play in this struggle ends it a little sooner, honey. The problems the war has created are many and those that created the war will remain when the fighting stops. I only wish that every citizen of the U. S. could be made to understand his personal responsibility for a lasting peace. The road to that peace is a hard, hard, long trail and it may take more than the present high cost to end armed conflict even for a little time. Let us hope and pray our kids can live out their life without the upsets we are going through. When this war is over and I am back with my dearest family, we will make up for lost time, in every way we can. There are so many things to plan and do and when they can be done, perhaps today's lonely hours will make them even more appreciated. You speak of feeling so bad every time you think of the miles between us, dear, but really, a million miles would not be a barrier between us. I love you so and miss you so; even at that I feel your presence in my heart all the while.

Your Dad knows what overseas life is like and there is no use kidding anyone, it is pretty primitive. The price is not too great to pay to rid

the world for a little while of Hitler and his bunch. Then too, if you could see the wreckage of France, you would be glad as I am, that I am here rather than defending my own backyard amid ruins of our American cities. At least you and our dear ones are safe and that can't be said for the civilians of Europe. I attended a Sunday Service inside yesterday and that was nice. These chaplains here in France really feel what they speak of, as they know the score from actual experience. No one is bashful about his religious beliefs and when we get on the front I imagine more of the boys will dig out their Bible.

Again, sweetheart, I am thinking of you always and am much comforted by the thoughts of such a swell wife and family waiting for me. I am trying to find and send Christmas presents for you, but if they don't get to you on time, you have my undying love for a present, honey.

When we were assigned to companies the other Kazoo fellows were sent elsewhere. Well, sweet, I'll write every chance I get and keep your letters coming.

All my love
Your hubby

P. S. Here is some German money to add to the collection,

Honey.

Later:

Well, sweets, I'm now located and my new address is on the envelope. I'll give it here also. Please let everyone concerned have it: Co. I 379th Inf. APO 95 c/o P/M New York, N. Y. I'm a rifleman now with the 95th Division which is a part of the Third Army under Gen. Patton, which is fighting around Metz and that tells the story. The towns around here are wrecked and the Jerrys are evidently moving back in spite of every effort to stay here. I haven't seen combat yet, only the results of it and as far as personal safety is concerned, Darling, don't worry as things here are not like everyone thinks it is like.

Ivan Roy Stevens enjoyed singing and always joined with others, especially in singing the hymns of the Church, which were favorites with the family.

Ivan's father's family and Evelyn joined in presenting a baptismal font to The Stockbridge

the world for a little while at Hitler and his party.
Then too, if you could see the wreckage of France,
you would be glad as I am, if I am more bitter
than before by our peaceful living than of our
American cities. A Japanese once said
that was just one of the cities of the world.

Europe. I attended a Sunday Service here
yesterday and that was nice. There is quite a
distance between us here to us as there
is to France itself least least we are
no one to know the scope from whence
comes such a terrible pestilence as we see
now. I found I was more to the point will dig out
that Bible.

Again, sweeps, I am thinking of you always
and the many companies that I am trying
to find and satisfy writing letters for you. I am trying
to find and send Christmas presents for you, but it
takes a great deal of time. You have a many
things for a present, money.
When we were staying at company to offer
Koko to have more sent elsewhere. Well, sweep, I'll
write every chance I get and keep you posted
coming.

All my love
Yours truly
P. S. Here is some German money to add to the
collection. Money.

Later:
Well, sweep, I'm now looking and we have
done in on the unemploye. I'll give it here also.
Please tell everyone concerning have it: Co. I 3265 P
Int. APO 32 G. P. M. New York, N. Y. I'm a little worried
now with the 32nd Division which is a part of the
Third Army under Gen. Bafford. Which is fighting
strongly and just left the front. The front
moving back in spite of extra men.
I haven't seen much yet, only the results of it and
now, it looks as though the war will be overing, Daring,
as far as personal safety is concerned, Daring,
triumph if it is like.

I am now staying at a villa and have joined in
joining with other, especially in signing the宣言
of the Chinese, which were issued with the
latter.

I am a teacher, a family and have joined in

presenting a petition to the Stockbridge

Avenue Methodist Church in his memory.

The following is a copy of another letter:

Somewhere in Germany
26 March 1945

My dear Evelyn:

This is going to be a tough letter to write. Only through the Household Newsletter that is sent to all the men did I learn that Steve was killed in action. I can tell you that it was truly a shock to me. I read and re-read the lines and still cannot seem to fathom that it is true. Steve is the first real friend that I have had killed in this war and it is very, very hard to take.

My heart goes out to you, Evelyn, and your kiddies as well as Steve's family. I know that you are probably a much better soldier than I could be under the circumstances and I know that for Steve's sake you are keeping your chin up and carrying on the way he would want you to do.

No one can say, Evelyn, why Steve had to be chosen as one of those who had to make the supreme sacrifice in this, the most terrible of all wars. I have seen it happen in my personal travels and often find myself bewildered when a lad suddenly goes to his Maker - - and for what? About the only answer I have is that the good Lord has chosen this way to show the rest of us how futile it all is and just why it should never never happen again.

But that still doesn't answer your question - why Steve? I remember him, a happy-go-lucky, God fearing man that had an answer for everything and who had more guts than any three men of his age. He had a knack of making friends and yet could tell a man off quicker than the drop of a hat if necessary. He was clean - mentally, morally, and spiritually. I don't know the answer, Evelyn, but if I were running this kingdom of Heaven, Steve would be the kind of a man that I would choose to have live with me.

So, I send you, Evelyn, my heartfelt sympathy, and pray that God will find a way to mend the terrible break that you must be carrying in your heart. Trust in Him, Evelyn, as Steve did and God will find a way.

Yours very sincerely,

Al. Wilson

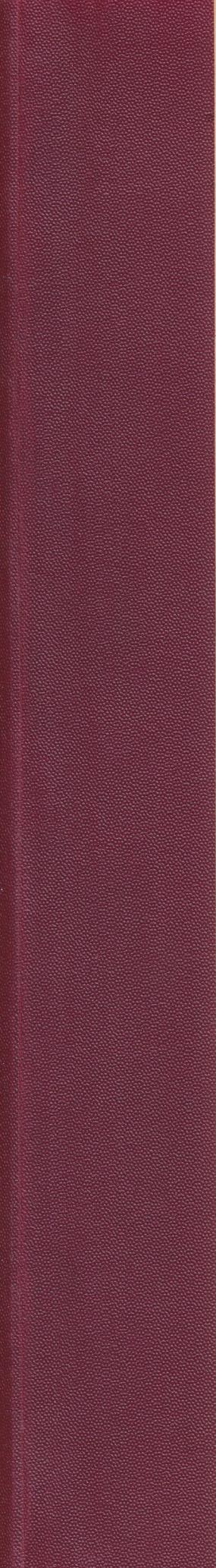
Bereaved

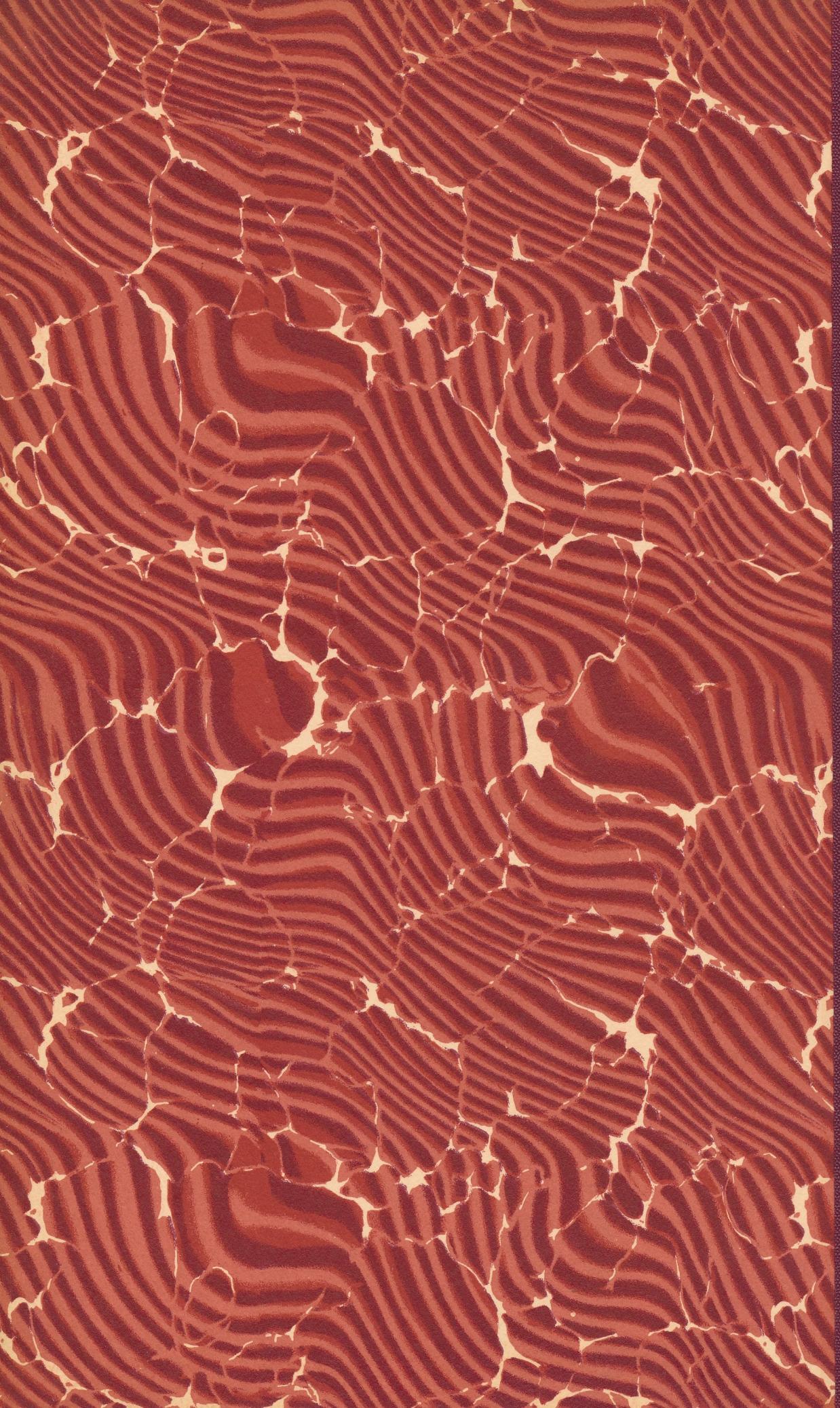
He who dared bravely
Bravely died,
And asks no tears of you:
For you were by his side
In that last tilt at death;
He saw your smile
Ere the light fell dim,
And all the breath
Of your warm love
Encompassed him.

And so, just one quiet sob of grief,
As when you kissed the other day
And said goodbye;
Then smile,
And gird yourself to walk awhile
A steep and lonely way.
Your lost one lives and loves you still.
Onward and upward!
He awaits you there
Beyond the hill.

A. D. Purdie

Chaplain R A F







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